

THE YOUNG ALLIES

**FEATURED
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FALL ISSUE

10¢



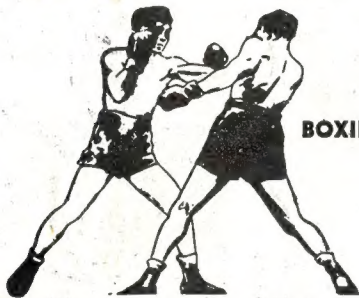
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The YOUNG ALLIES



READ THIS
AMAZING
ADVENTURE
OF
TEHRU, THE TRAITOR
AS HE PITS HIS
MYSTERIOUS SCHEM-
ING, EVIL AGAINST
THE SIX YOUNG
ALLIES--

IN THE
**HORROR
OF THE
MURDERING
MAGICIAN!**

AT AN EMBARKATION POINT SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES.

LOOK AT THOSE GUYS GOING INTO THAT TRANSPORT!

I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GOING? IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO KNOW!

TORO OVERHEARS TWO OFFICERS TALKING..

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME ALONG, JIM --- I JUST FOUND OUT WE'RE GOING TO INDIA AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE PLENTY OF ACTION AGAINST THE JAPS ON THE BURMA BORDER!

HEY, BUCKY, DID YOU HEAR THAT? IN A FEW WEEKS THOSE GUYS ARE GOING TO BE PASTING JAPS, AND WE'LL JUST BE HANGING AROUND HERE READING IT IN THE PAPERS!

OH, BOY! WAIT'LL THE GANG HEARS THIS!

BU-Z-Z-ZZ! BUZZ!

OH-OH! WHITEWASH JONES IS GETTIN' DAT OL' FEELIN' DAT TROUBLE'S JUS' WAITIN' FO' HIM WIT OPEN ARMS!

SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA... LISTEN!

TUBBY HASTILY DETACHES HIMSELF FROM THE OTHERS AND MAKES A HASTY VISIT TO BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS—NO. 109

BOY SCOUT
HDQS

I HOPE JACK SMITH LENDS US THE UNIFORMS! HE'S AN OLD PAL, BUT Y'NEVER KNOW! I'LL TELL HIM WE'RE PUTTIN' ON A SHOW!

YIPPEE! IT WORKED! I GOTTA GET BACK FAST NOW!

HEY! THERE COMES TUBBY!

HOT DOG! HE GOT THEM!



A
LITTLE
WHILE
LATER..

BEHIND THESE PACKING CASES, GUYS --- HURRY AND GET INTO THE UNIFORMS!

RIGHT!

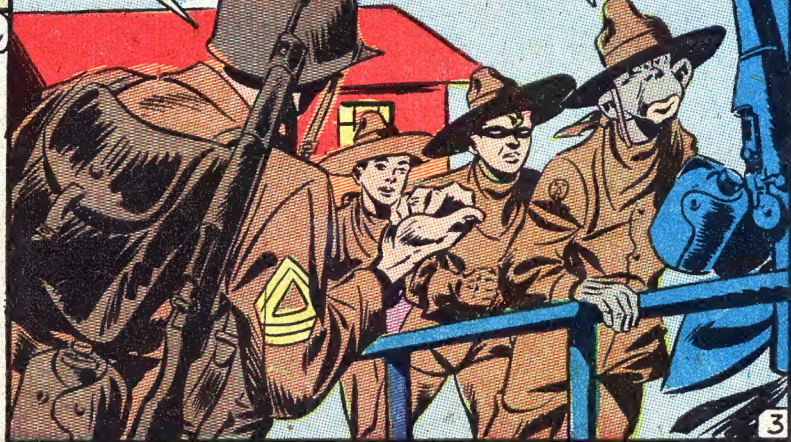
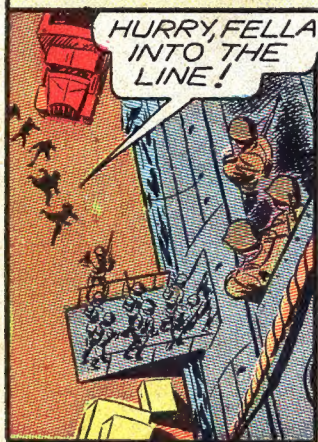


A FEW SECONDS LATER -- SIX FIGURES SLIP INTO THE LINE OF MARCHING SOLDIERS.

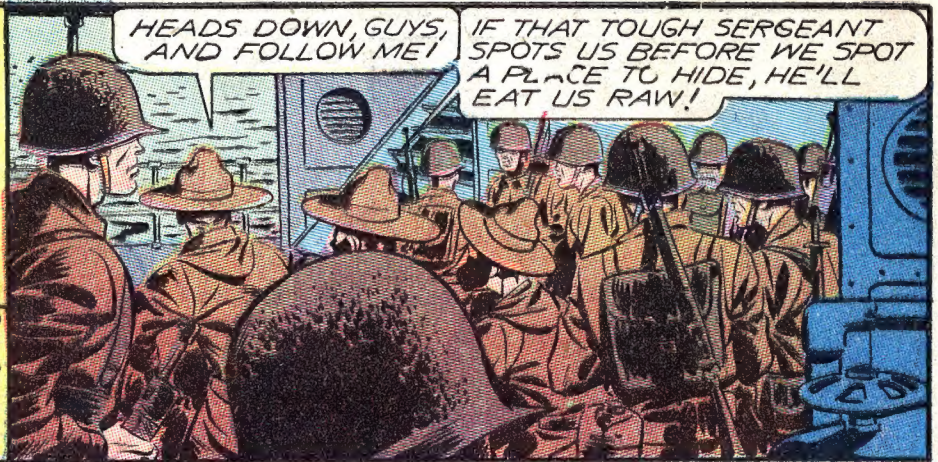
HURRY, FELLAS, INTO THE LINE!

ALL RIGHT YOU GUYS -- INTO THE SHIP! C'MON -- GET A MOVE ON!

OH, MAN, DAT SHO AM A ROUGH LOOKIN' SAHJINT!



AS THE SOLDIERS STREAM ABOARD THE SHIP THE YOUNG ALLIES LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE CROWD...



HEADS DOWN, GUYS, AND FOLLOW ME!

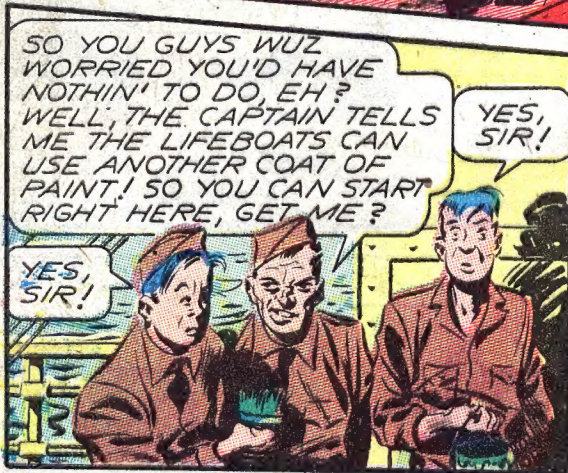
IF THAT TOUGH SERGEANT SPOTS US BEFORE WE SPOT A PLACE TO HIDE, HE'LL EAT US RAW!



HURRY! THIS IS A SWELL PLACE TO HIDE!

JUST MADE FOR US!

MAKE IT SNAPPY! HERE COMES THAT TOUGH SERGEANT AGAIN!



SO YOU GUYS WUZ WORRIED YOU'D HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO, EH? WELL, THE CAPTAIN TELLS ME THE LIFEBOATS CAN USE ANOTHER COAT OF PAINT! SO YOU CAN START RIGHT HERE, GET ME?

YES, SIR!

YES, SIR!



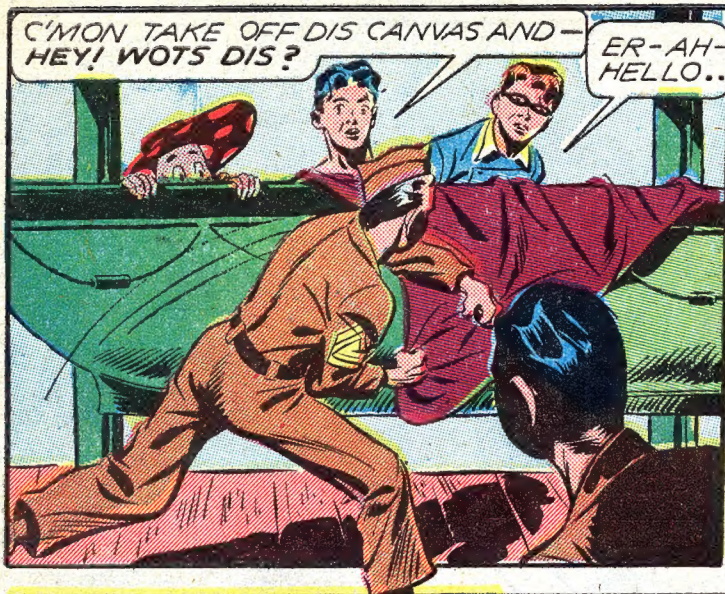
WHAT'S THIS? A HOLE IN THIS CANVAS! HEY, YOU, TAKE THIS CANVAS OFF AND SEW IT UP!

YES, SIR!

MEAN-WHILE... INSIDE THE LIFEBOAT-THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE TAKEN OFF THEIR BOY SCOUT UNIFORMS WHEN ---



AH'S GOT A FEELIN' WE'S GWINE TO BE FORCIBLY REMOVED SOON!



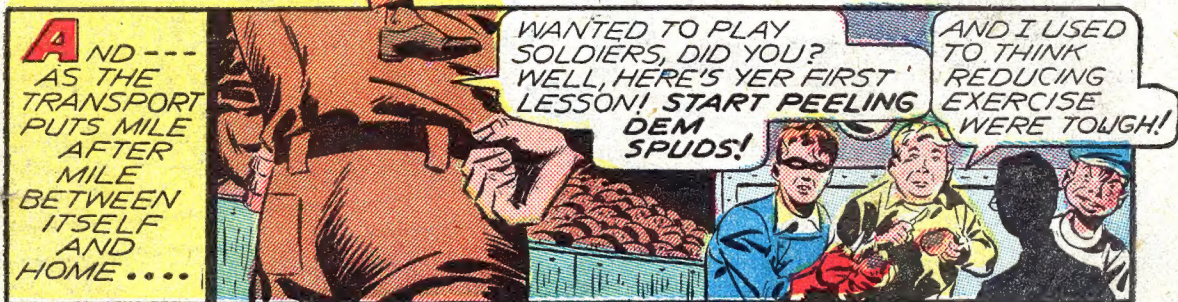
C'MON TAKE OFF DIS CANVAS AND—
HEY! WOTS DIS?

ER-AH-
HELLO..



A BUNCH OF WISE GUYS,
EH? GOT DA SPIRIT OF
ADVENTURE IN YEZ,
MAYBE, HUH? I'M GONNA
GIVE YEZ ADVENTURE
THAT'LL LAST YOU FOR
THE REST OF YOUR
LIVES!

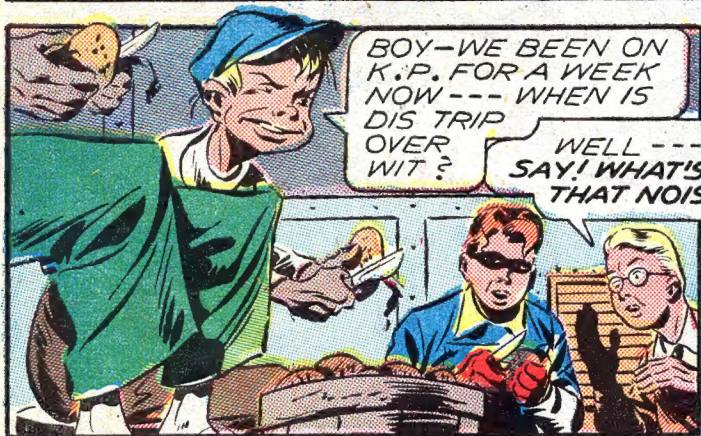
BUT---
WE CAN
EXPLAIN!



AND ---
AS THE
TRANSPORT
PUTS MILE
AFTER
MILE
BETWEEN
ITSELF
AND
HOME....

WANTED TO PLAY
SOLDIERS, DID YOU?
WELL, HERE'S YER FIRST
LESSON! START PEELING
DEM
SPUDS!

AND I USED
TO THINK
REDUCING
EXERCISE
WERE TOUGH!



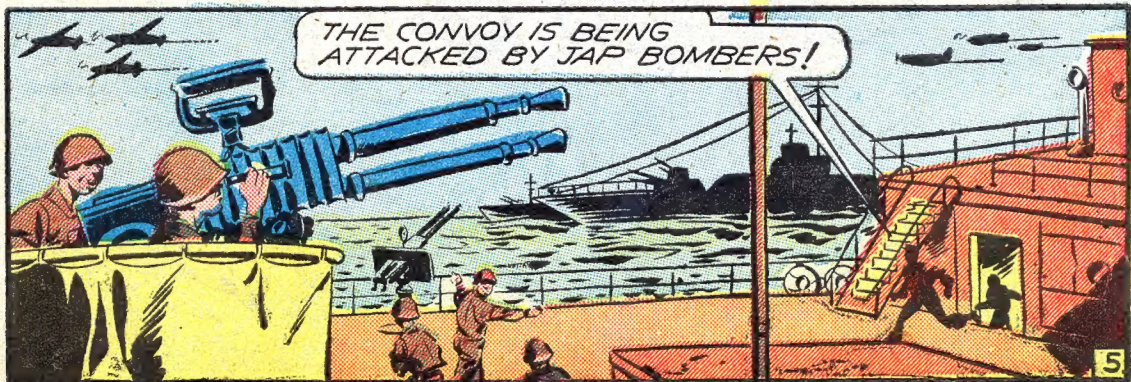
BOY-WE BEEN ON
K.P. FOR A WEEK
NOW--- WHEN IS
DIS TRIP
OVER
WIT?

WELL ---
SAY! WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?



UP GUYS! THAT'S
THE ALARM!

EEEEEE



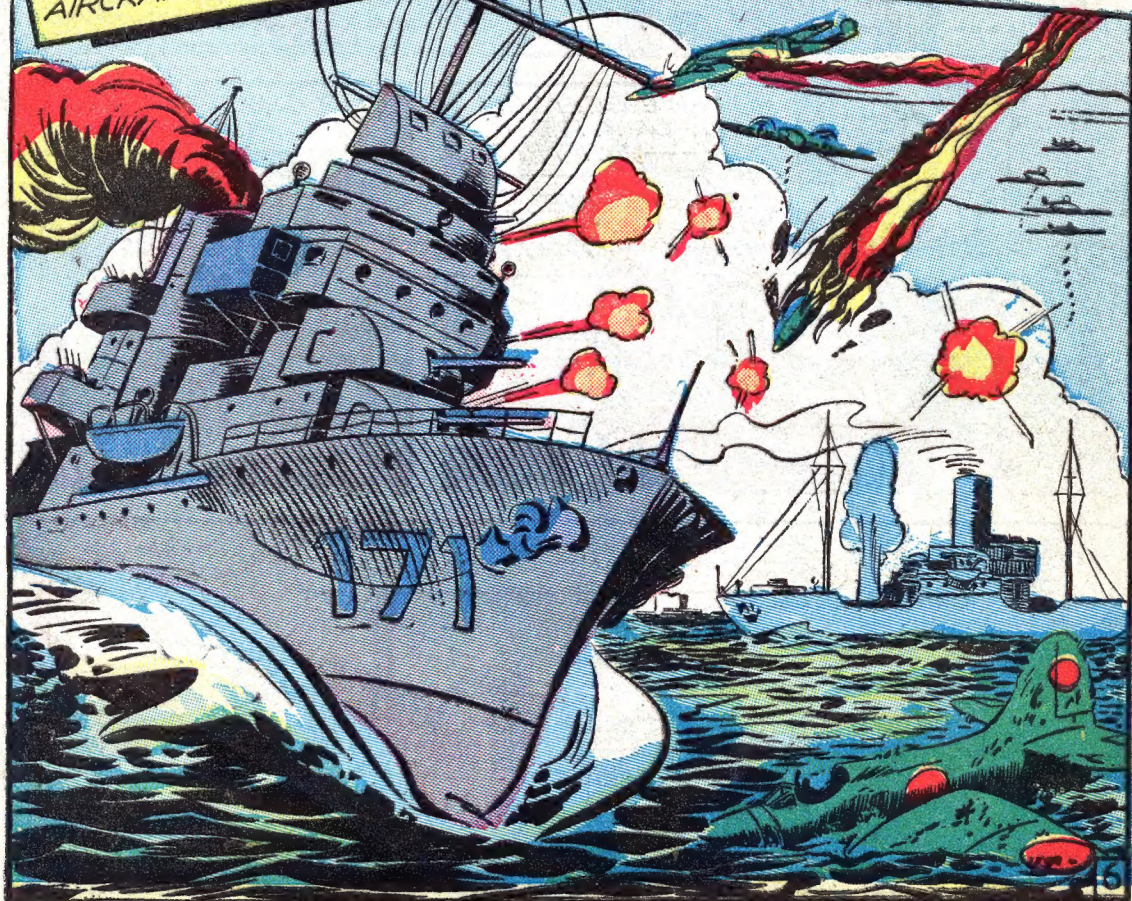
THE CONVOY IS BEING
ATTACKED BY JAP BOMBERS!

COME ON, GUYS! LET'S GRAB
A GUN AND TAKE A CRACK
AT THOSE DIRTY JAPS!

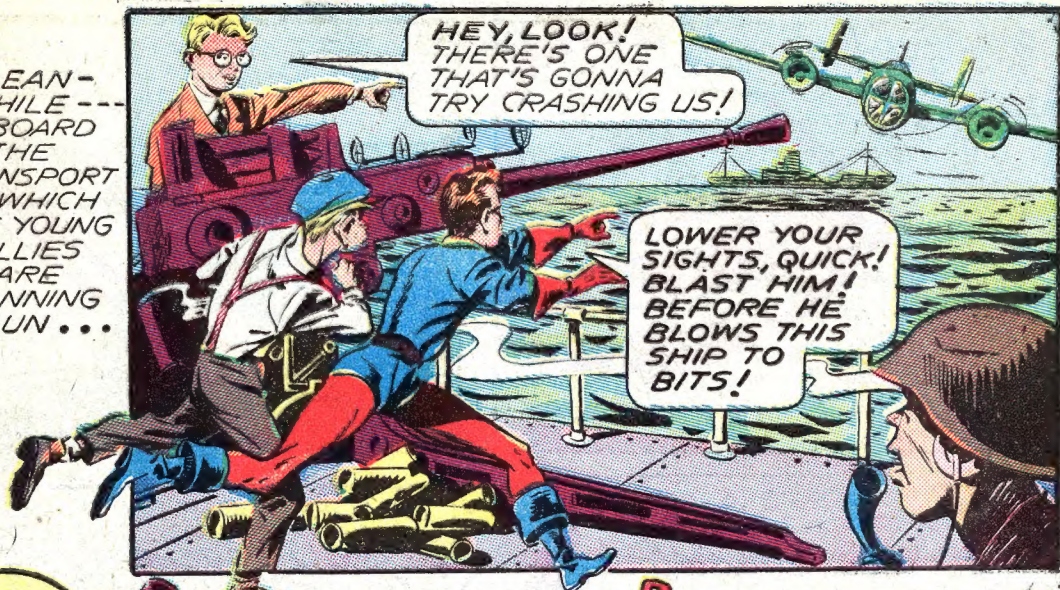
YAHOO!

HERE'S
ONE!
GET HER
GOING!

AS THE JAP
BOMBERS ROAR
IN ON THE
CONVOY, THEY
ARE MET BY A
TERRIFIC ANTI-
AIRCRAFT BARRAGE...



MEAN-
WHILE---
ABOARD
THE
TRANSPORT
ON WHICH
THE YOUNG
ALLIES
ARE
MANNING
A GUN...

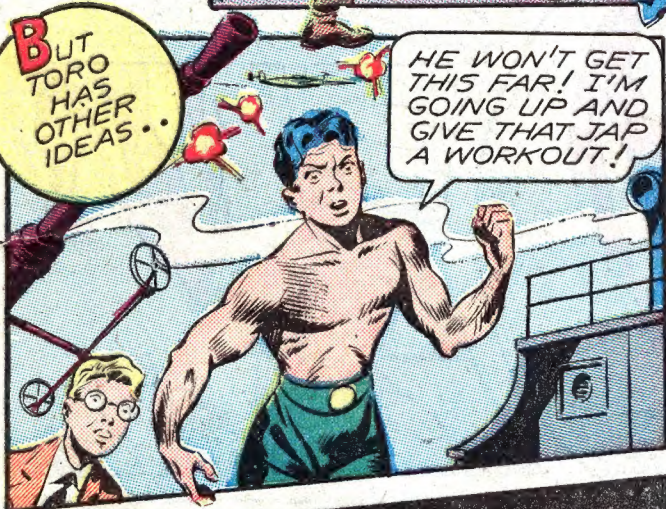


HEY, LOOK!
THERE'S ONE
THAT'S GONNA
TRY CRASHING US!

LOWER YOUR
SIGHTS, QUICK!
BLAST HIM!
BEFORE HE
BLOWS THIS
SHIP TO
BITS!

BUT
TORO
HAS
OTHER
IDEAS...

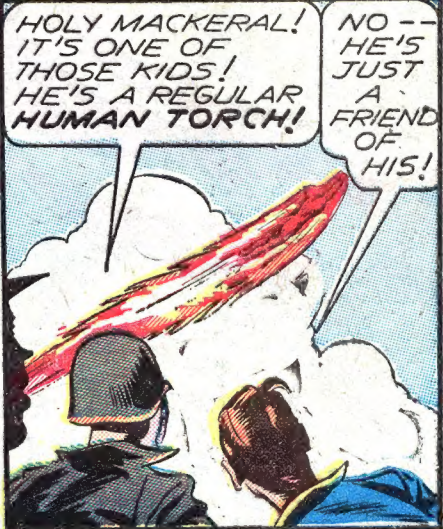
HE WON'T GET
THIS FAR! I'M
GOING UP AND
GIVE THAT JAP
A WORKOUT!



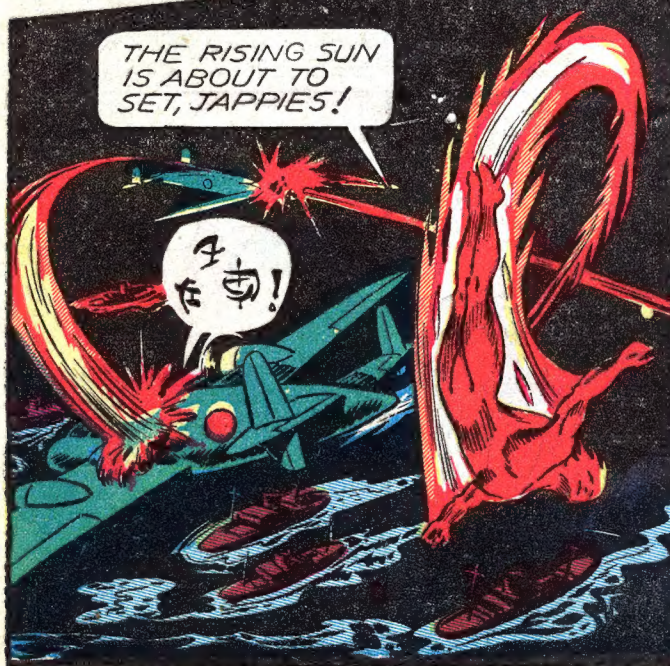
BEFORE THE AMAZED
EYES OF THE SOLDIERS,
TORO TURNS ON HIS
FLAME AND ZOOMS LIKE
A FLAMING METEOR
TOWARD THE JAP PLANE...

HOLY MACKERAL!
IT'S ONE OF
THOSE KIDS!
HE'S A REGULAR
HUMAN TORCH!

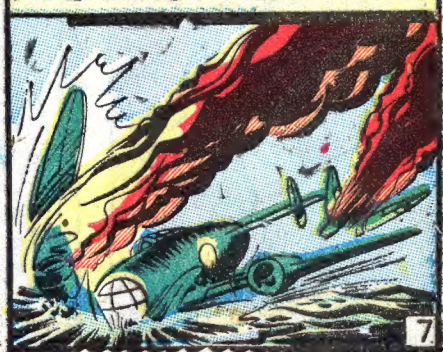
NO --
HE'S
JUST
A
FRIEND
OF
HIS!

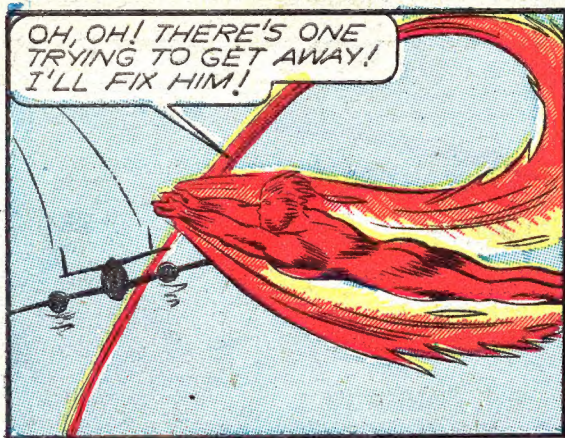


THE RISING SUN
IS ABOUT TO
SET, JAPPIES!

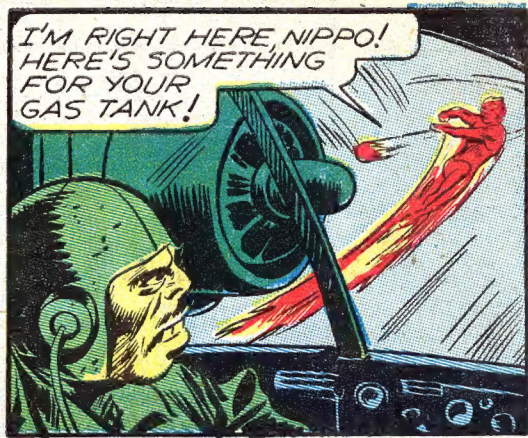


BOMBER AFTER BOMBER
CRASHES INTO THE SEA --
A FLAMING MASS OF FIRE.

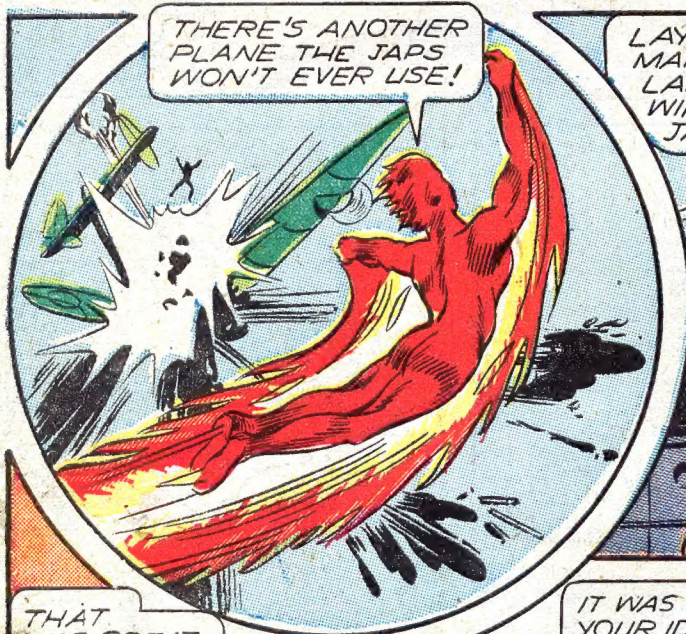




OH, OH! THERE'S ONE TRYING TO GET AWAY! I'LL FIX HIM!



I'M RIGHT HERE, NIPPO! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR GAS TANK!



THERE'S ANOTHER PLANE THE JAPS WON'T EVER USE!

LAY OFF THOSE GUNS AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE KID TO LAND! HE'S TERRIFIC! HE WIPED OUT THAT WHOLE JAP BOMBER SQUADRON!



THAT WAS GREAT, KID! IT'S AN HONOR TO SHAKE YOUR HAND!

BOY, IT'S GONNA BE FUN WATCHIN' THIS!

EE-WW!

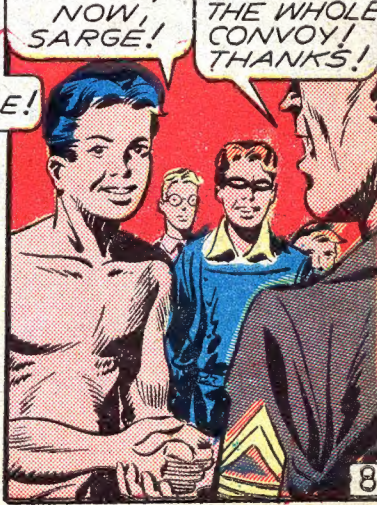
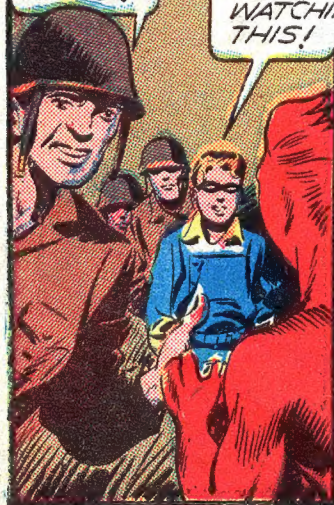
IT WAS YOUR IDEA NOT MINE, SARGE!

DAT'S WHAT I CALL A WARM HAND-SHAKE, SARGE!

TORO TURNS OFF HIS FLAME AND OFFERS HIS HAND TO THE SERGEANT . . .

LET'S TRY AGAIN, NOW, SARGE!

ANYWAY, YOU SAVED US AND THE WHOLE CONVOY! THANKS!



The YOUNG ALLIES

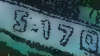


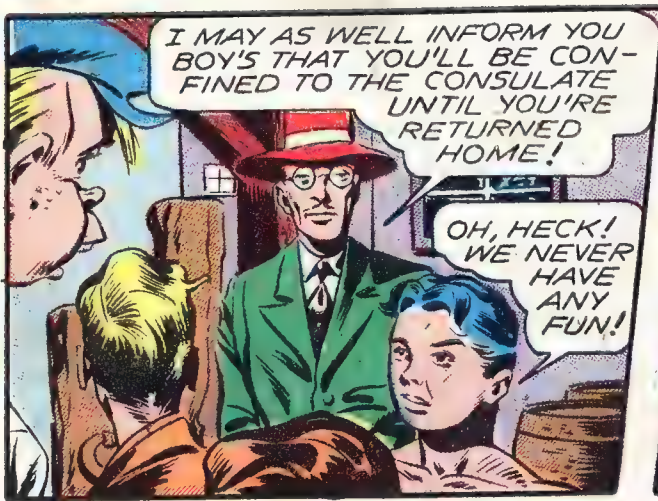
BUT, ARE JAP PLANES
AND JAP GUNS ALL
THAT BLOCK THE
YANK'S INVASION OF
TOKYO -- AND WILL
THE YOUNG
ALLIES STILL
FEEL ADVENT-
UROUS WHEN
THEY COME
FACE TO FACE
WITH THE JAP'S
INVISIBLE
MURDER-MASTER?

I'M JARRET, THE UNITED STATES CONSUL! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE AND I'M READY TO TAKE CHARGE OF THESE BOYS UNTIL WE FIND SOME WAY OF SENDING THEM HOME!

Y'KNOW,
I'VE BE-
COME REAL
FOND OF
THESE GUYS!
IT'S BREAK-
ING MY
HEART TO
PART
WITH
THEM!

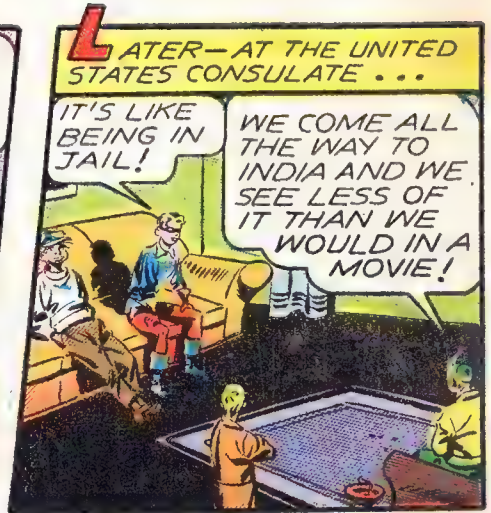
AND WE
CAME HERE
TO SEE
ACTION!





I MAY AS WELL INFORM YOU BOY'S THAT YOU'LL BE CONFINED TO THE CONSULATE UNTIL YOU'RE RETURNED HOME!

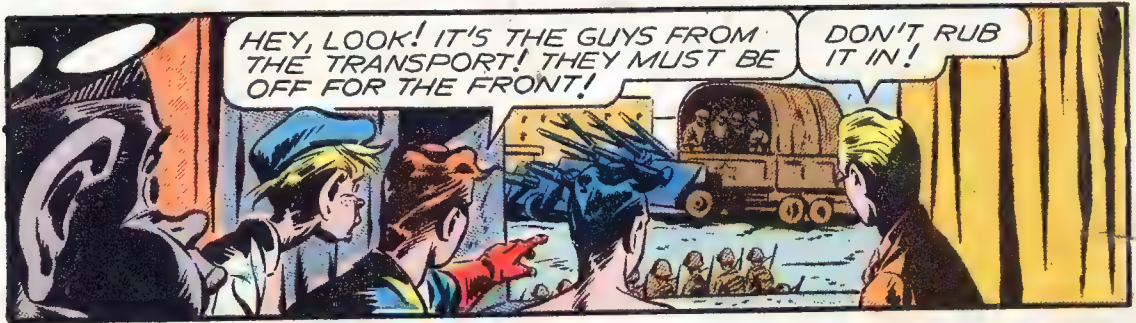
OH, HECK! WE NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!



LATER—AT THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE...

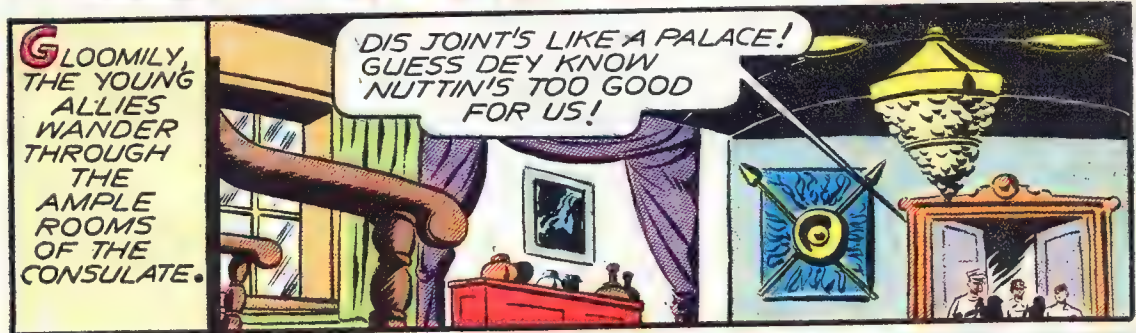
IT'S LIKE BEING IN JAIL!

WE COME ALL THE WAY TO INDIA AND WE SEE LESS OF IT THAN WE WOULD IN A MOVIE!



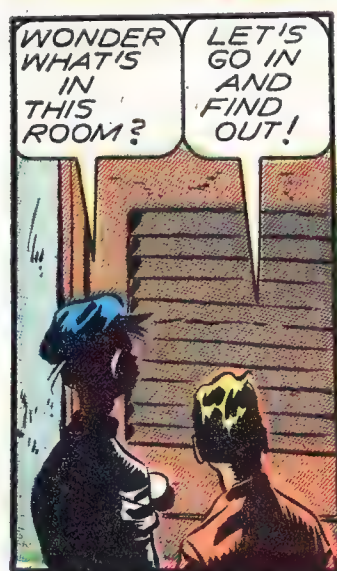
HEY, LOOK! IT'S THE GUYS FROM THE TRANSPORT! THEY MUST BE OFF FOR THE FRONT!

DON'T RUB IT IN!



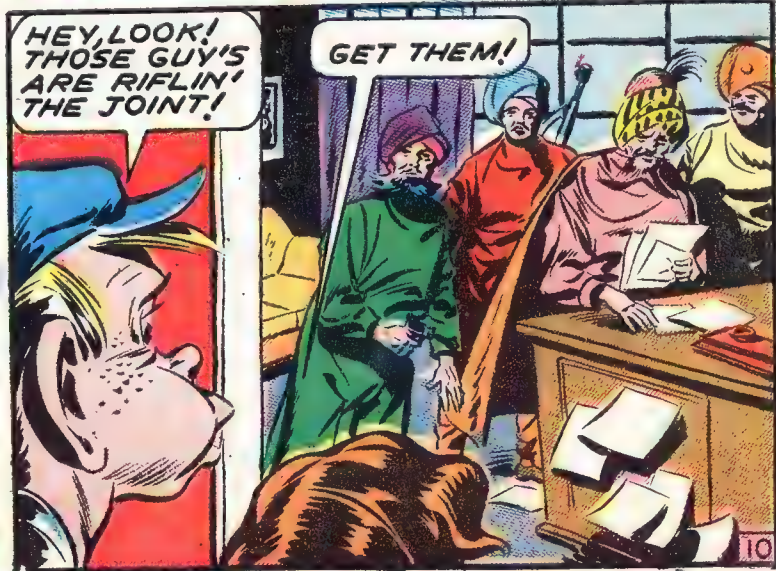
GLOOMILY, THE YOUNG ALLIES WANDER THROUGH THE AMPLE ROOMS OF THE CONSULATE.

DIS JOINT'S LIKE A PALACE! GUESS DEY KNOW NUTTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR US!



WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM?

LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT!

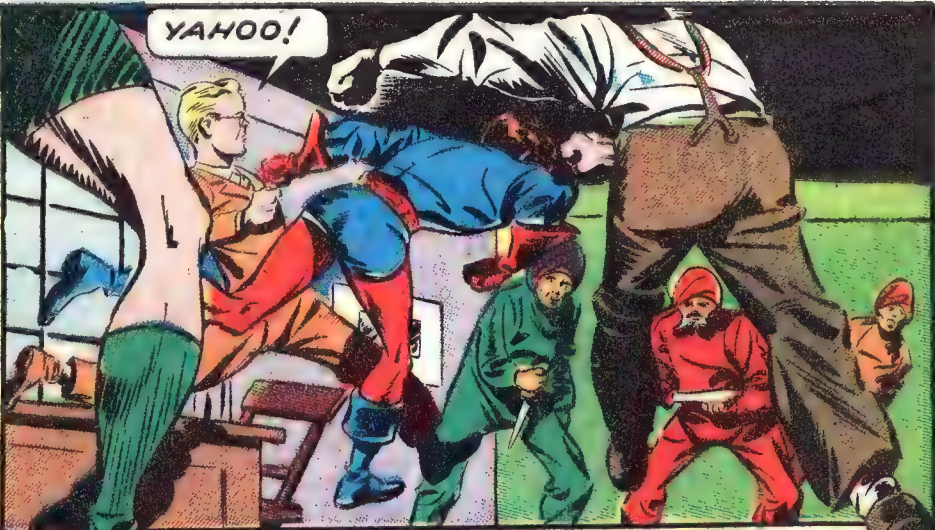


HEY, LOOK! THOSE GUY'S ARE RIFLIN' THE JOINT!

GET THEM!

SHOUL-
ING
THEIR
FAMOUS
BATTLE
CRY,
THE
YOUNG
ALLIES
LEAP
AT
THE
INTRUDERS.

YAHOO!



LET'S GET
'EM GUY'S!

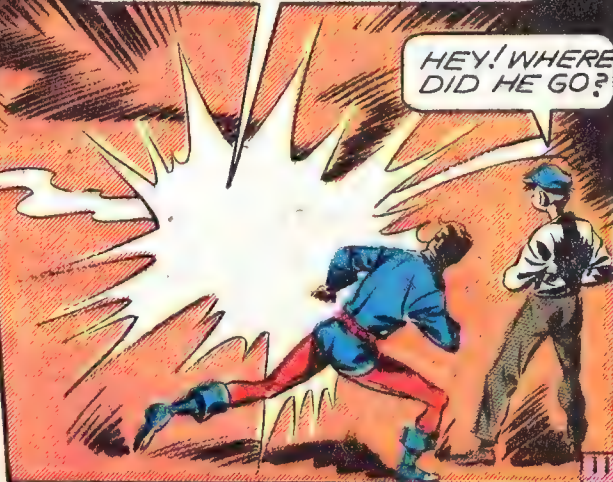
BUCKY AND KNUCKLES
TAKE CARE OF MOST
OF THE INTRUDERS
WITH A POWERFUL
CRASHING ATTACK....

BUT AS THE YOUNG ALLIES
CONVERGE ON THE LEADER...

LITTLE FOOLS! DO YOU THINK
YOU CAN COPE WITH TEHRU,
THE MASTER MAGICIAN OF
ALL INDIA? I WILL DEAL
WITH YOU ALL LATER!

THAT
GUY LOOKS
LIKE THE
LEADER!
NOW I'M
DOWN!

HEY! WHERE
DID HE GO?



DAZED BY THE DIS-APPEAR-ANCE OF TEHRU, THE YOUNG ALLIES FALL EASY PREY TO THE RECOVERED HENCHMEN OF THE VILLIANOUS MAGICIAN - AND ...

LITTLE FOOLS! NOW WE HAVE YOU WHERE WE WANT YOU!

POW!

SUDDENLY TORO TRIES A HAND ...

AAGH! THE BOY IS A DEMON!

GANG-WAY!

YIPE! YIPE!

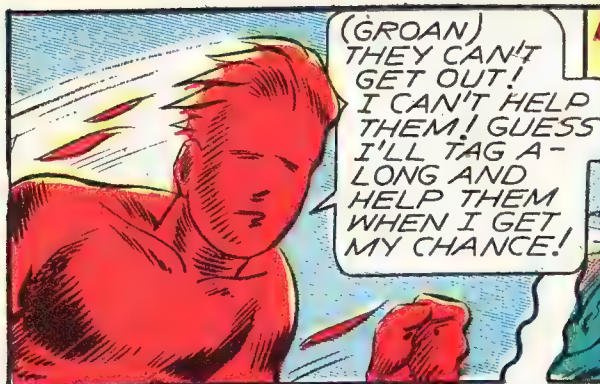
BET THIS BURNS YOU UP, EH?

C'MON GANG! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR US!

BUT SUDDENLY TEHRU APPEARS AGAIN AND SCREAMS AN ORDER ...

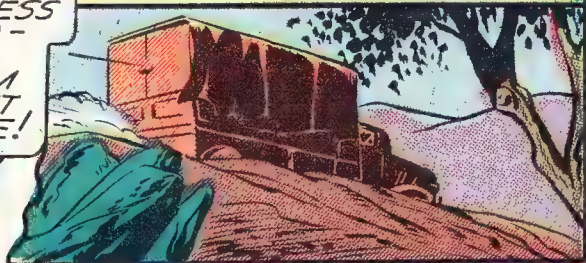
STOP THEM!

AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE HEMMED IN BY A CIRCLE OF GLEAMING GUNS ...

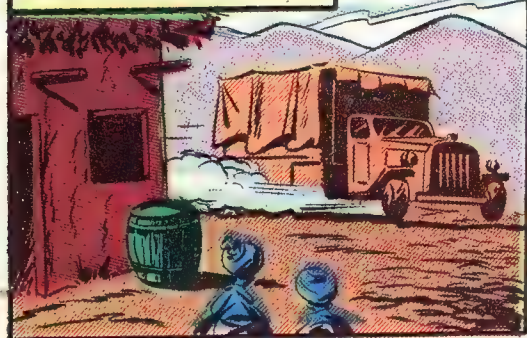


(GROAN)
THEY CAN'T
GET OUT!
I CAN'T HELP
THEM! GUESS
I'LL TAG A-
LONG AND
HELP THEM
WHEN I GET
MY CHANCE!

MEANWHILE, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE LOADED INTO A TRUCK. AND IT SOON ROARS AWAY DOWN A DUSTY ROAD....



A FEW HOURS LATER --- IT STOPS AT A NATIVE HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE...



THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE TIED TO STAKES ATOP A HILL...

YOUR TORTURE WILL COME LATER! FIRST YOU SHALL SEE THE GREATNESS OF TEHRU! THIS TRIBE OF NATIVES WAVERS BETWEEN JOINING THE JAPANESE AND AMERICANS WHOM I DESPISE! NOW YOU SHALL SEE HOW I CONJURE UP THEIR GODS TO INFLUENCE THEM!

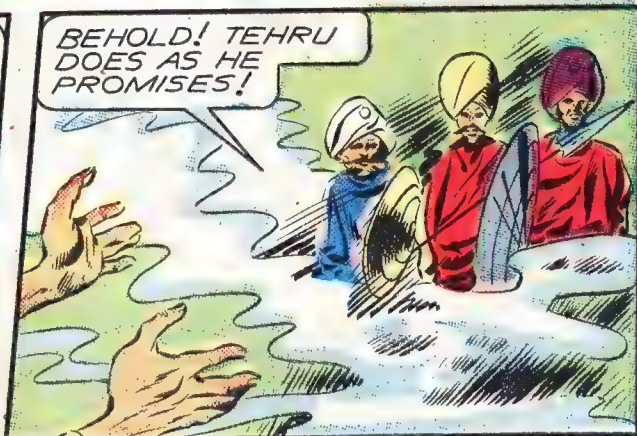


BEHOLD! O' RATIS TRIBESMEN! TEHRU BRINGS YOUR GREAT SPIRITS BEFORE YOU TO GUIDE YOU IN THIS MIGHTY WAR!



YA
DOITY
RAT!

BEHOLD! TEHRU DOES AS HE PROMISES!



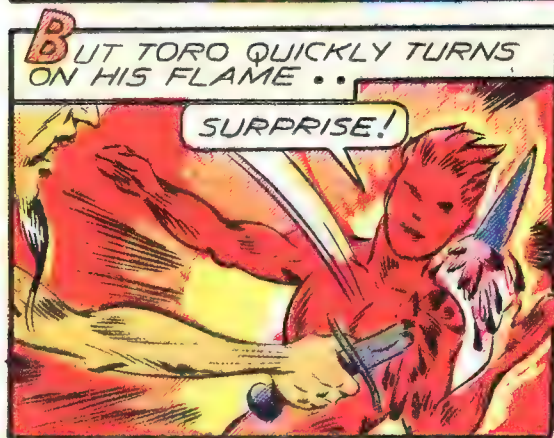
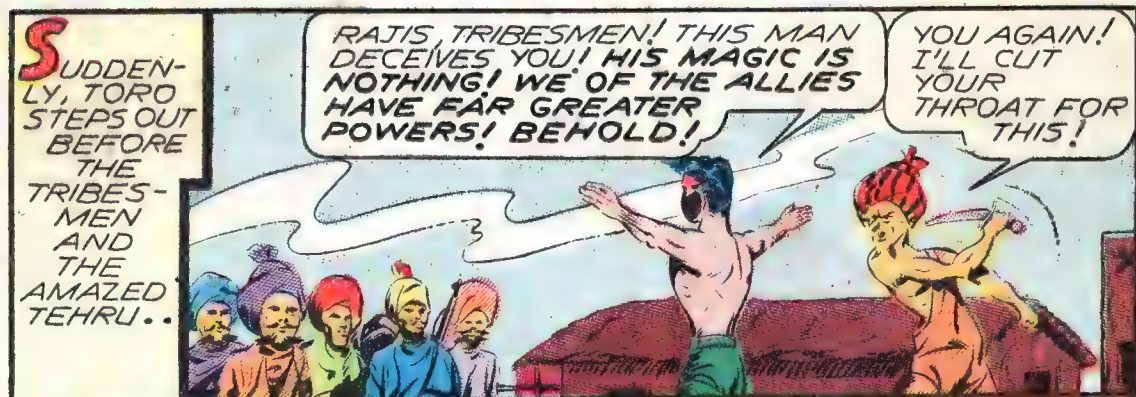
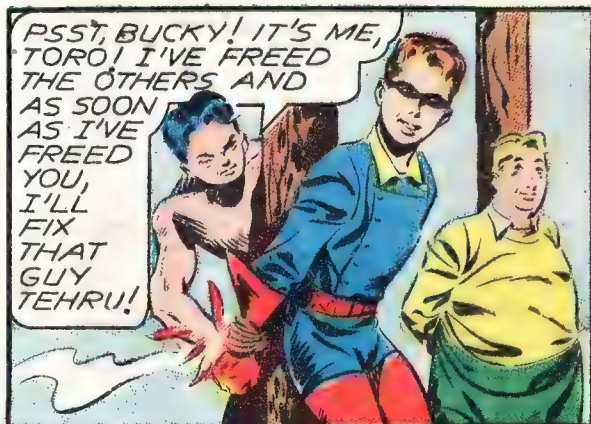
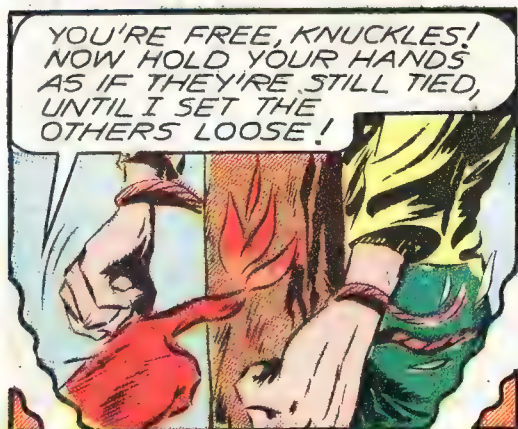
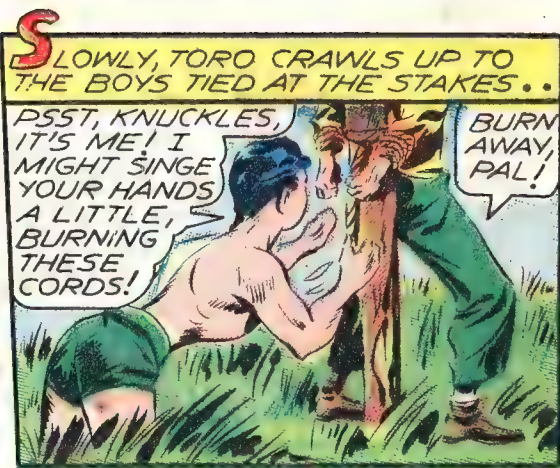
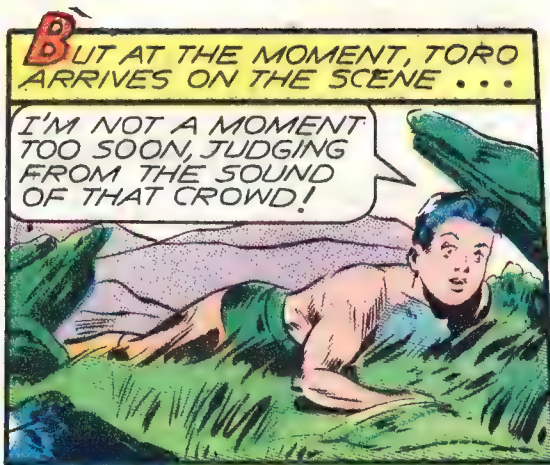
THE TRIBESMEN FALL FOR TEHRU'S MAGIC AND PROMISE TO JOIN HIM...

HE IS A
GREAT
MAGICIAN!

IT IS THE SPIRIT OF
THE ANCIENT GODS!
WE MUST OBEY!



DEATH TO
ALL WHITE
MEN!



The YOUNG ALLIES

CHAPTER
III

MASS MURDER
by MAGIC!



THE OTHER
YOUNG ALL-
IES JOIN
THE FIGHT..

YOU
DON'T MIND IF I
HAVE A CRACK AT
YOUR PET HERE,
DO YOU, TORO?

YOU'RE
WELCOME
TO HIM!

HEY! I
AIN'T
FINISHED
WIT HIM
YET!

BUT HAVE THE YOUNG
ALLIES REALLY DEFEAT-
ED THE FIENDISH FAKIR,
NOW --- OR CAN THE
MYSTERIOUS WORKINGS
OF A SUPER-MONSTER'S
OTHER WORLD MAGIC
STILL GIVE THE CRAFTY
JAPS STRANGE POWER
TO STOP THE YANK
INVASION FOREVER...

I JUST
THOUGHT
I'D TAKE
THE WIND
OUT OF
HIS
SAILS!

AS THE KIDS MAUL TEHRU'S THUGS, EMISSARIES SENT TO TEHRU FROM THE JAP LINES IN BURMA, COME UPON THE SCENE . . .



IT IS TEHRU!
WHAT IS THIS?
WHO ARE THE
CURSED
BOYS?
SEIZE
THEM!

DO NOT MOVE
OR YOU DIE!



MY FRIENDS, I
FEAR YOU HAVE
COME TOO LATE!
THESE YOUNG
FIENDS HAVE
DESTROYED THE
CONFIDENCE OF
THE RAJIS TRIBES-
MEN IN MY MAG-
IC! THEY WILL
NOT COME OVER
TO MY SIDE --!



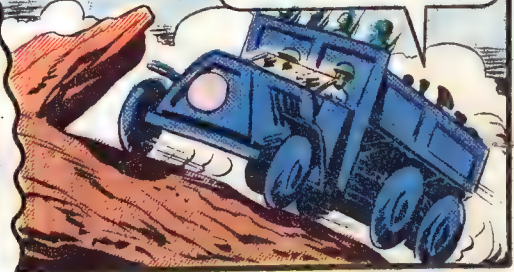
WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! THE
RAJIS ARE IMPRESSED WITH
THE BOYS --- THEY MAY
ATTACK US!



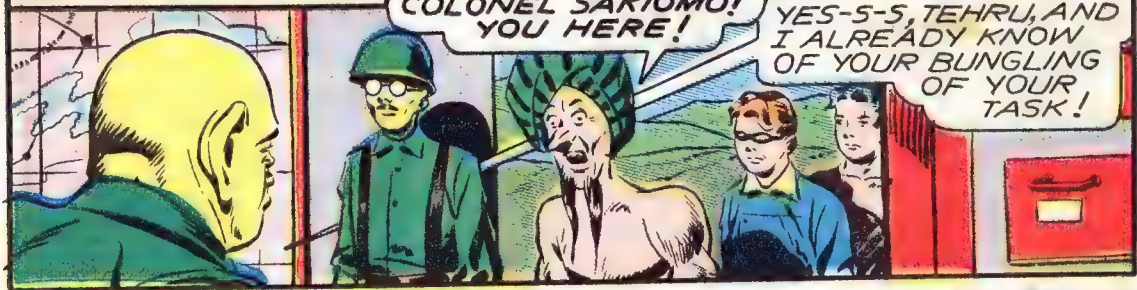
OBVIOUSLY TEHRU'S
USEFULNESS TO
JAPANESE IS AT AN
END! TAKE BOYS
BACK WITH US TO
USE AS HOSTAGES,
AGAINST
AMERICANS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
TRUSSSED UP BOYS ARE TAKEN
AWAY IN JAP TRUCKS

WELL, WE WANTED TO GET
UP TO THE FRONT LINES,
DIDN'T WE?



LATER, AT A JAPANESE FIELD HEADQUARTERS ON THE
BURMA BORDER . .



COLONEL SAKIOMO!
YOU HERE!

YES-S-S, TEHRU, AND
I ALREADY KNOW
OF YOUR BUNGLING
OF YOUR
TASK!

PLEASE, COLONEL, I
KNOW HOW STRICT
YOU ARE --- BUT
THESE CURSED
BOYS --- THEY
RUINED ALL
MY PLANS!

WE SHOW
NO MERCY
TO BUNGL-
LERS,
TEHRU!



GIVE ME ONE
MORE CHANCE,
COLONEL! I WILL
SHOW YOU! I
HAVE A PLAN TO
FOOL THE AMER-
ICANS SO THAT
WE CAN MAKE A
SUCCESSFUL
ATTACK AND
DESTROY THEM!



HERE ARE THE AMERICAN LINES! WE CAN BREAK THROUGH HERE IF WE CAN MAKE THEM BELIEVE AN ATTACK IS COMING FROM ANOTHER QUARTER! I WILL CREATE AN ILLUSION THAT WILL MEAN THEIR DOOM!

WELL, I WILL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE, BUT IF YOU FAIL --

I HAVE AN IDEA!

HOPE THE NIPS DON'T SEE ME! TEHRU'S GOING TO PULL THAT STUNT! HE'LL PROBABLY DO IT WITH MIRRORS AND THIS KIT MIGHT BE WHERE HE KEEPS THEM!

I ONCE TOOK A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MAGIC! IF I WET THE MIRRORS THIS WAY, I THINK TEHRU WILL SUCCEED ONLY IN SHOWING THE AMERICANS THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE JAPS ARE COMING THROUGH, INSTEAD OF FOOLING THE YANKS!

HURRY, JEFF! THEY'RE STILL AT THE MAP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER --- AS TEHRU ATTEMPTS HIS MAGIC MASTERPIECE, THE JAP TROOPS STAND READY TO ATTACK ...

THESE MIRRORS WILL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE JAPANESE ARE ATTACKING FROM A DIFFERENT POINT THAN THEY REALLY ARE!

I AM GIVING YOU BOYS AN OPPORTUNITY TO WATCH YOUR COUNTRYMEN SLAUGHTERED!

OH, YEAH - DAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

THE JAP OFFICER GIVES THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK ...

ATTACK!

I HOPE THOSE MIRRORS ARE FIXED RIGHT!

MEANWHILE - IN THE AMERICAN LINES

THE JAPS ARE MET BY A WITHERING BLAST OF CONCENTRATED FIRE AND ARE MOWED DOWN BY THE DOZENS

THE NIPS! I HOPE THEY DON'T THINK THEY'RE SURPRISING US COMING OUT LIKE THAT! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



MEANWHILE . .

OUR MEN ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED! BUNGLING AGAIN! NOW I SHALL HAVE TO COMMIT HARA-KIRI!

GOSH! HE KILLED HIMSELF!



THE KIDS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION

HERE'S OUR CHANCE, GUYS! GIVE 'EM THE WORKS!



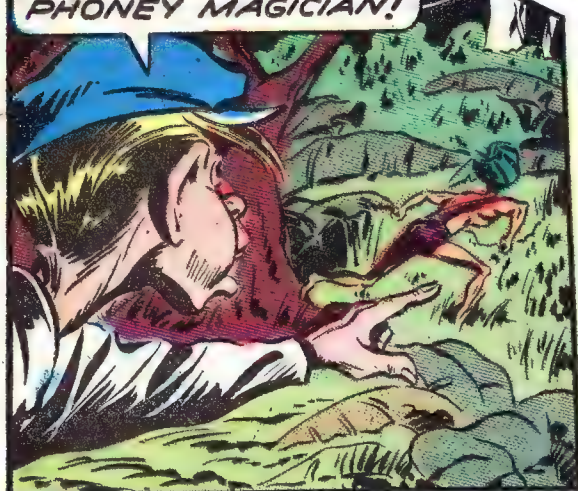
SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE AMERICAN'S KNOW WHERE THE JAPANESE ARE! MY ILLUSION WAS NOT CREATED! I HAVE FAILED!



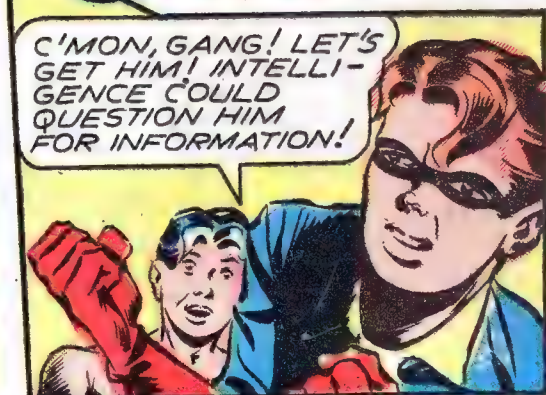
OUT OF THE WAY, GOGGLE EYES! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

MEAN WHILE.

HEY, FELLAS, LOOK! THERE GOES DAT PHONEY MAGICIAN!

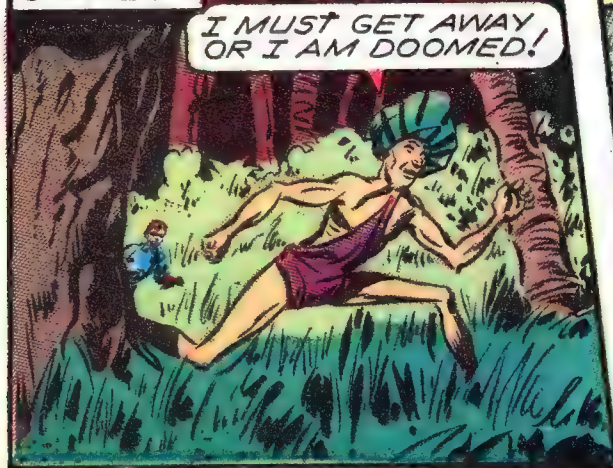


C'MON, GANG! LET'S GET HIM! INTELLIGENCE COULD QUESTION HIM FOR INFORMATION!



THE CHASE SOON LEADS INTO THE DENSE BURMESE JUNGLE.

I MUST GET AWAY OR I AM DOOMED!



SUDDENLY, THE GROUND BENEATH THE MAGICIAN GIVES WAY...

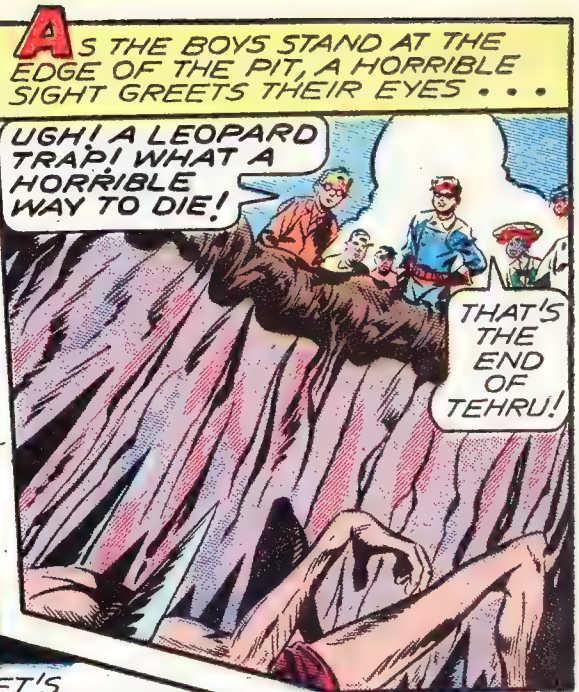
I MUST--- AGGGH!





HEY, DAT MAGIC-
IAN'S DISAPPEARED!

NO HE
DIDN'T!
HE FELL
INTO A
PIT OF SOME
KIND! LET'S
GO SEE!



UGH! A LEOPARD
TRAP! WHAT A
HORRIBLE
WAY TO DIE!

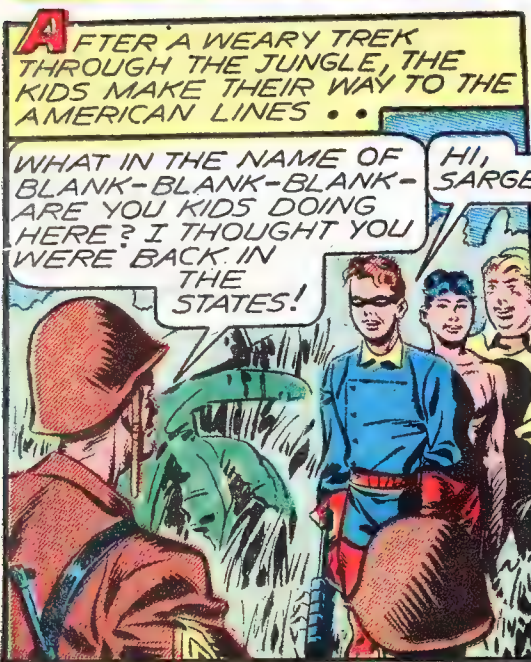
THAT'S
THE
END
OF
TEHRU!



WELL, THERE'S
NOTHING MORE WE
CAN DO FOR HIM!

LET'S
GET OUT OF
THIS JUNGLE!

IT SHO' GIVES
ME THE
CREEPS!



AFTER A WEARY TREK
THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE
KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE
AMERICAN LINES . . .

WHAT IN THE NAME OF
BLANK-BLANK-BLANK-
ARE YOU KIDS DOING
HERE? I THOUGHT YOU
WERE BACK IN
THE
STATES!

HI,
SARGE!



A FEW DAYS LATER . . .

AND FOR VALOR AND MERIT-
OUS SERVICE, YOU ARE ALL
COMMENDED BY THE
COMMANDER IN CHIEF
FOR HEROISM!

I HOPE THEY
SEND US BACK
TO FIGHT!
WE'LL LICK
THOSE JAPS
IN A WEEK!

THE END.

MISS **TEEN-AGE GIRLS!!!** Enter the

America[★] MAGAZINE Contest!!

\$1000 in Cash Prizes

ANYONE CAN WIN!

Thrilling news... The Publisher of CAPTAIN AMERICA, MARVEL COMICS, THE HUMAN TORCH, TERRY TOONS, SUBMARINER, and many, many other exciting magazines, including the glamorous SCREEN STARS, is making magazine history with his newest, most important publication—MISS AMERICA.

Girls, DON'T MISS the MOST WONDERFUL MAGAZINE ever to hit the news-stands; it is a magazine FOR GIRLS ONLY—teen-age girls.
It is the magazine you have been waiting for, longing for.

■ WHAT ARE SOME OF THE FEATURES IN MISS AMERICA? HOLD YOUR BREATH!

COMICS!

STORIES!

FASHIONS!

GLAMOR!

AND MANY OTHER UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ARTICLES OF VITAL INTEREST TO TEEN-AGE GIRLS.

A word to the boys... Show this ad to your sister...

DON'T miss MISS AMERICA. She will help you become lovely, suggest ways to improve your personality, help you to overcome self-consciousness, tell you how to have fun at parties, what to serve; MISS AMERICA will make you CHUCKLE, make you THINK... MISS AMERICA and her brilliant staff of writers will help you solve your problems...

Just think—COMICS, FICTION, FASHIONS, FUN, MOVIES, GLAMOR, etc., featured in ONE MAGAZINE.

AND—in addition—MISS AMERICA is offering \$1,000 in CASH PRIZES! For details of this unusual contest, BE SURE TO GET THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF MISS AMERICA on sale beginning September 10th. Don't miss this opportunity to WIN CASH and ENJOY THE UTMOST IN MAGAZINE ENTERTAINMENT...



The

WHIZZER



THE KING OF SPEED RACES AGAINST FATHER TIME HIMSELF IN A FURIOUS ATTEMPT TO SMASH THE FASTEST CRIME COUP EVER PLANNED! HOLD YOUR HATS AND TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THE WHIZZER AND

"THE MAD MINUTE"

ZERO
HOUR

FOR A
CRIME
JOB..

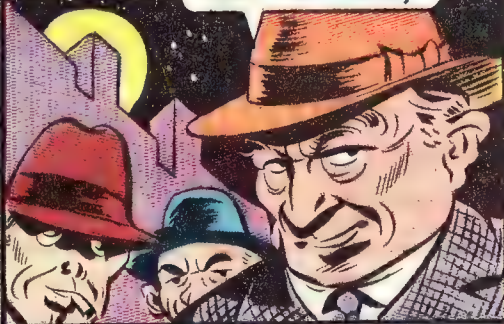
TWELVE MID-
NIGHT, EXACT-
LY! GET GOIN'
MEN!

AND CUNNING CRIMINALS
BEGIN AN ASSAULT ON A
JEWELRY STORE...

CRASH

NOW GRAB DA
JEWELS AND RUN!

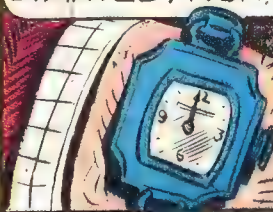
AND THE BEST PART OF IT IS DAT DA WHIZZER CAN'T STOP US! HE CAN'T--- DAT'S ALL!



WHY THIS AMAZING CONFIDENCE? HOW CAN THE CROOKS BE SO SURE THAT THEIR NEMESIS, THE WHIZZER, WON'T OPPOSE THEM?

AT THAT SAME INSTANT, ANOTHER SYNCHRONIZED CRIME IS STARTED -- MILES AWAY, AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN...

TWELVE! DA JOOLERY STORE ROBBERY HAS STARTED! NOW, WE BEGIN OUR JOB!



OKAY, BOYS! I SHOT DA LOCK OFF! GRAB DA VALUABLE STUFF!

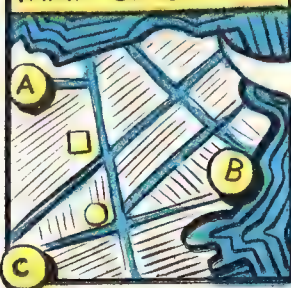


TWO WELL-PLANNED CRIME JOBS HAVE STARTED PRECISELY AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT--ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY AT HIS HIDE OUT, SITS THE MASTER MIND OF THIS SYNCHRONIZED DOUBLE CRIME -- MAXIE MURDOCK.



MIDNIGHT! THE TWO CRIME JOBS HAVE STARTED! THE JEWELRY STORE AND THE ART GALLERY, AND THE WHIZZER CAN'T STOP THEM!

MAP OF CITY



BECAUSE THE WHIZZER AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT IS FAR AWAY -- INVESTIGATING A FAKE BANK ROBBERY! I GAVE HIM THE HOT TIP THIS AFTERNOON!

THE TWO REAL CRIME JOBS WILL TAKE ONLY ONE MINUTE, AND FAST AS THE WHIZZER IS, HE CAN'T POSSIBLY STOP TWO CRIMES -- MILES AWAY -- IN ONE MINUTE! IT WOULD BE AN IMPOSSIBLE FEAT!



HAS THE WHIZZER FOR ONCE BEEN OUT-SMARTED?

LET US GO BACK FIVE SECONDS TO TWELVE MIDNIGHT, AS THE WHIZZER WAITS WITH THE POLICE AT THE THREATENED BANK...

MIDNIGHT! THE TIP SAID BANDITS WOULD STRIKE HERE NOW!

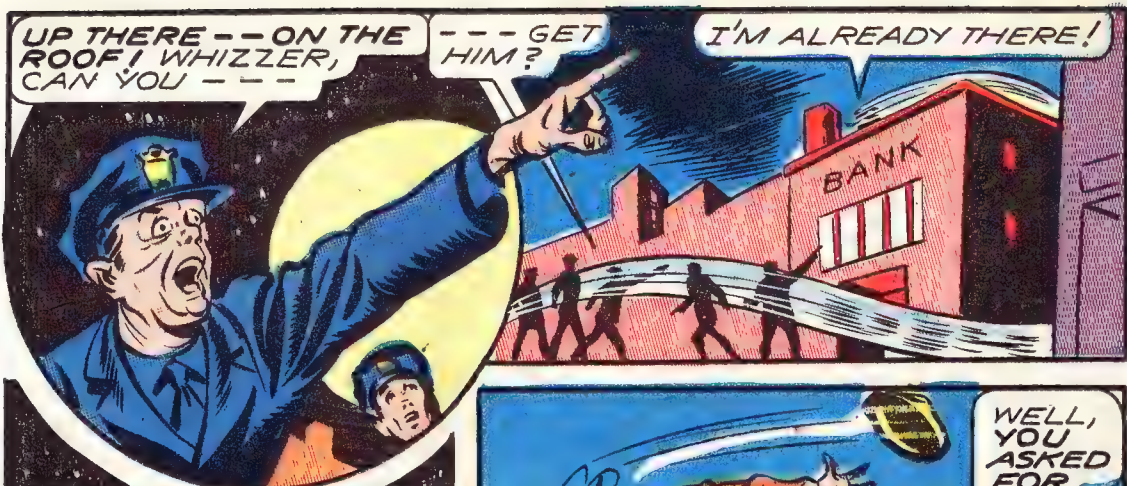
BUT WHERE ARE THEY?



UP THERE -- ON THE ROOF! WHIZZER, CAN YOU --

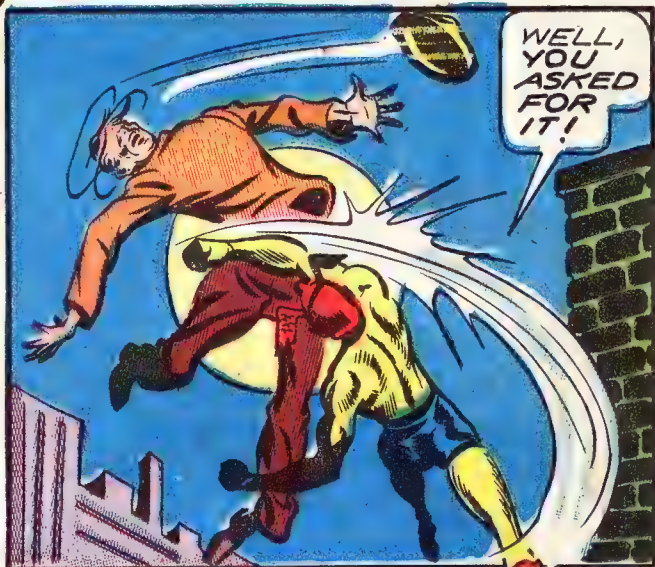
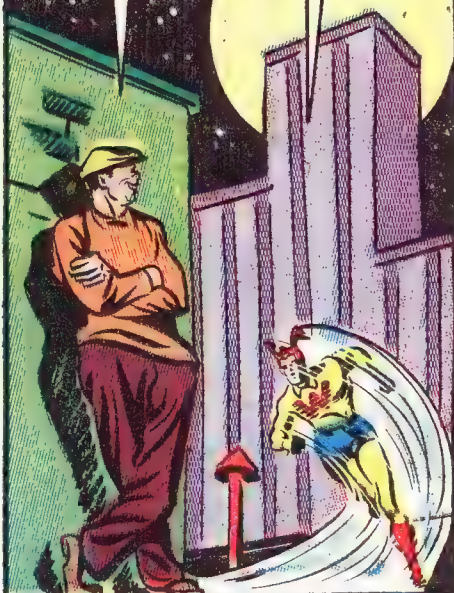
--- GET HIM?

I'M ALREADY THERE!



STOP ME FROM ROBBIN' DIS BANK, WHIZZER! HURRY!

FUNNY WAY FOR A BANDIT TO ACT!



SOME SOCK! BUT HERE, CHUMP, READ DIS!



MY DEAR MR. WHIZZER :
THIS BANK ROBBERY
WAS A FALSE TIP! NOT ONLY
THAT, BUT AT THIS VERY
MOMENT, MILES AWAY, TWO
REAL JOBS ARE IN MOTION,
AND BOTH WILL BE COM-
PLETED IN **ONE MINUTE!**
LET'S SEE YOU STOP
THEM, WHIZZER! BUT EVEN
YOU AREN'T THAT FAST!

**THE CRIME
CLOCKER .**

HOLY
SMOKE!
THIS WAS
A COVER
UP FOR
TWO
OTHER
CRIMES!
TALK
YOU,
OR --

HA! HA! I AIN'T TALKIN'
AN! YA CAN'T HOLD
ME FOR STANDIN' ON A
ROOF DOIN' NOthin'!
THE BOSS SURE IS
SMART!



BUT LIKE A TRIP HAMMER, WHIZZER'S FIST SOFTENS THE THUGS DEFIANCE...

OWWW!
STOP! UGH!
I'LL--I'LL
TALK!

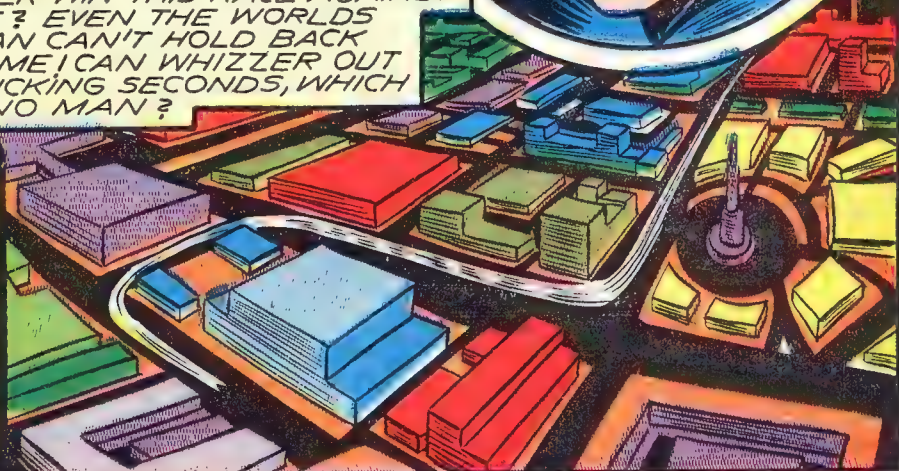
THEN TELL ME
WHERE THOSE
TWO JOBS ARE
BEING PULLED!

TIFFAN'S
JOOLOGY
SHOP AN'
THE ACME
ART
GALLERY!

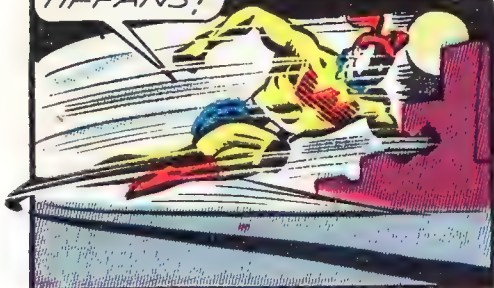
FIFTEEN
SECONDS
GONE AL-
READY!
THAT GIVES
ME JUST
FORTY-FIVE
SECONDS!

CAN WHIZZER WIN THIS RACE AGAINST TIME ITSELF? EVEN THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN CAN'T HOLD BACK FLEETING TIME! CAN WHIZZER OUTRACE THE TICKING SECONDS, WHICH WAIT FOR NO MAN?

THROUGH THE CITY RACES THE WHIZZER TOWARD THE TIFFAN JEWELRY SHOP AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN...

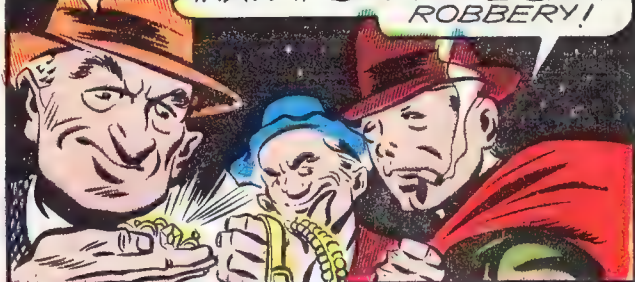


FIVE SECONDS! NOT BAD!
BUT, NOW TO GET INTO
TIFFANS!



WOT A
HAUL!

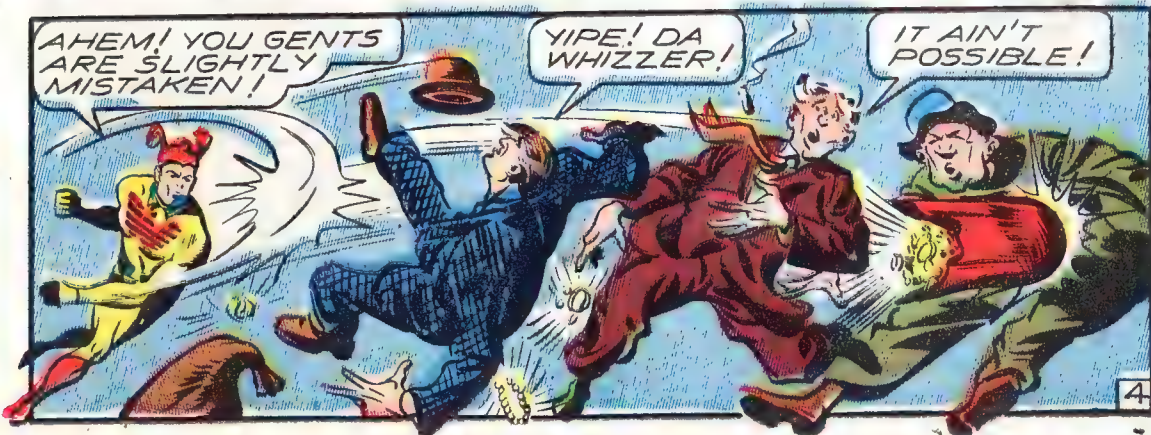
AN' WOT A LAUGH WID
DA WHIZZER TEN MILES
AWAY AT DAT FAKE BANK
ROBBERY!



AHEM! YOU GENTS
ARE SLIGHTLY
MISTAKEN!

YIPE! DA
WHIZZER!

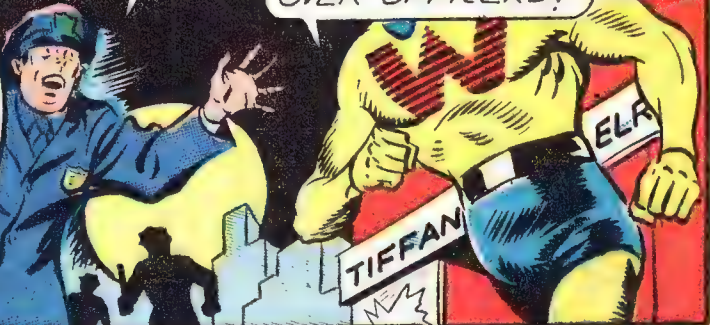
IT AIN'T
POSSIBLE!



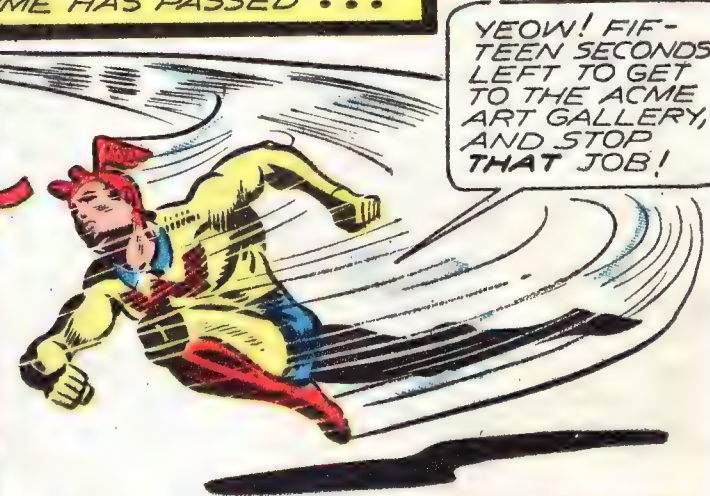


WHAT'S UP?

THREE BANDITS SLIGHTLY DAZED INSIDE! TAKE OVER OFFICERS!



BUT INEXORABLE TIME HAS PASSED ...

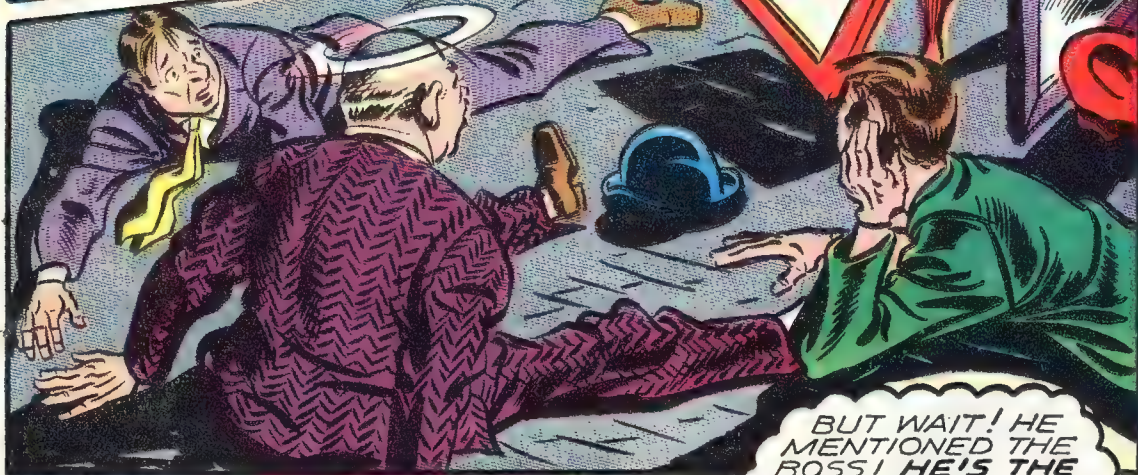
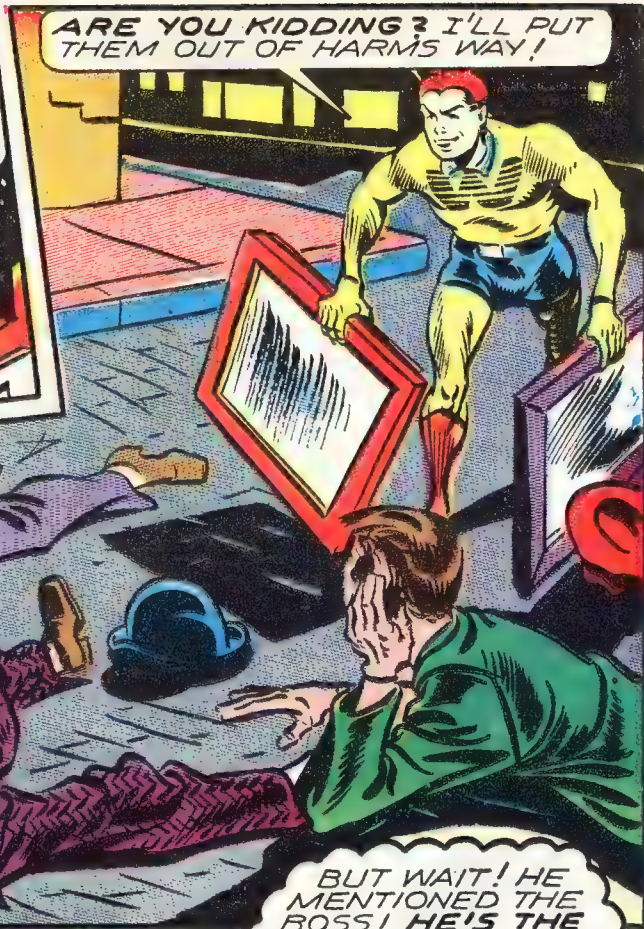


FIVE SECONDS TO GO! AND IT'S SEVEN MILES TO THE ACME GALLERY, THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY'S HEAVIEST TRAFFIC ...

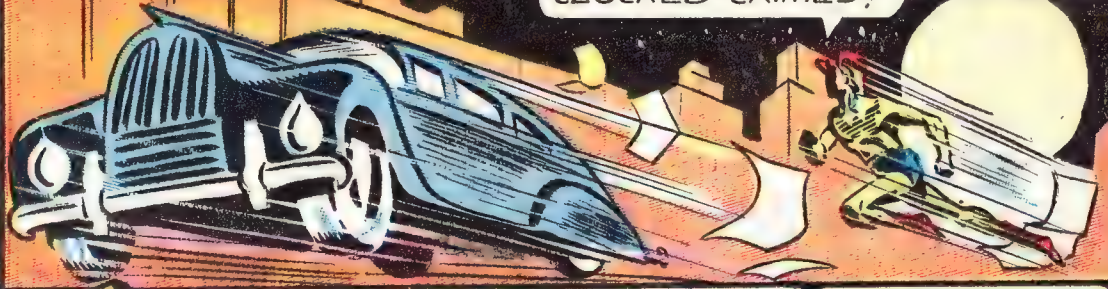


MEANWHILE -- AT THE ART GALLERY, THE THUGS HAVE SPEEDILY RUSHED OUT WITH THREE PRICELESS PAINTINGS ...





WISH THEY'D HURRY! I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THE MASTER MIND WHO COOKED UP THESE CLOCKED CRIMES!



AND—
AT THE
HIDE-
OUT...

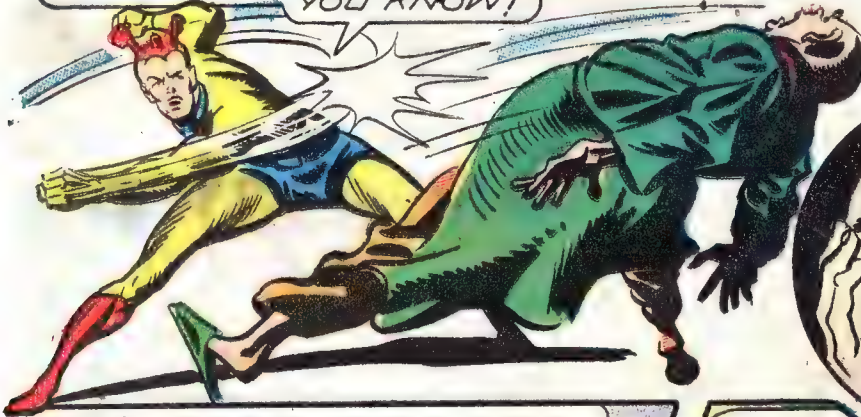
WELL, WHERE'S
THE LOOT?
GIVE IT TO ME!

DERE AIN'T NO
LOOT BOSS!
WHIZZER
CAME AND
STOPPED US!

YOU'RE CRAZY!
WHY ONLY A MIN-
UTE AGO HE WAS
TEN MILES AWAY
AT THE FAKE BANK
ROBBERY! IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT IT WASN'T IMPOSSIBLE, PAL!
I HAD A WHOLE MINUTE,
YOU KNOW!



ONE MINUTE
AGO I WAS
ON TOP OF
THE WORLD!
NOW I'M SUNK!
IT AIN'T FAIR!



YOU'LL DO THE REST OF YOUR
TIME IN JAIL! LET'S SEE---THERE
ARE 60 MINUTES TO EACH HOUR,
1440 MINUTES TO EACH DAY ---
10,080 MINUTES TO EACH
WEEK ---

STOP (GROAN)
DON'T RUB
IT IN!



WHEW!
WHAT A
DAY! I MEAN,
WHAT A MINUTE! THAT
WAS UNDOUBTEDLY
THE MOST EXCITING
MINUTE IN THE
WHIZZER'S WHOLE
CAREER!



THE END.

LET'S PLAY

DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP*

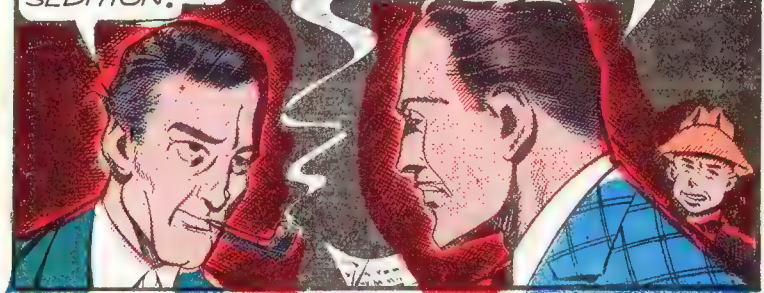
The
SWASTIKA
MURDER
CASE!

HARTLEY:
THIS IS NOT
A PRANK! UNLESS
YOU LEAVE TOWN
BY MIDNIGHT, YOU
WILL BE KILLED
WITHOUT WARN-
ING! SAY NOTHING
TO ANYONE ---!



MIKE! I GUESS
YOU KNOW THAT
I WILL BE CALLED
TO TESTIFY AGAINST
A CERTAIN BIG SHOT
WHO HAS BEEN
ACCLUED OF
SEDITION!

YES, HARTLEY, AND IT LOOKS
AS IF THE LOCAL NAZIS
WANT TO KEEP YOU QUIET!
WE'LL LOOK INTO THE
MATTER AND SEE IF WE
CAN FIND THE AUTHOR OF
THIS POISON LETTER!



LATER---

DO YOU THINK
HE'LL LEAVE
TOWN, MIKE?

NOT JEFF HARTLEY--
BUT I BETTER
GET TO WORK! I THINK
I'LL PAY SOME OF
OUR TOWN'S RABBLE
ROUSERS A VISIT!
MAYBE I CAN GET
A CLUE AS TO WHO
WROTE THAT NOTE!

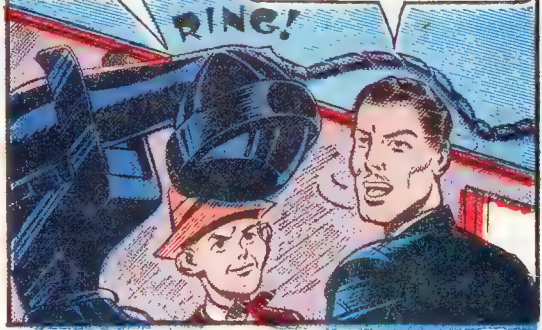


AND STILL
LATER---

ANY LUCK,
MIKE?

NO, PEPPER-- THERE'S
NOTHING MORE WE CAN
DO BUT PLACE A GUARD
AT HARTLEY'S DOOR--
I'LL TAKE IT, KID!

RING!



HOMICIDE SQUAD
MIKE TRAPP SPE--
WHAT--?

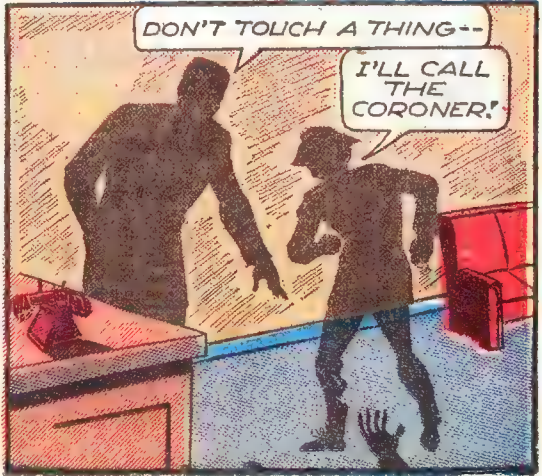
TRAPP--THIS IS
HARTLEY! JUST
DISCOVER--
BANG-BANG!
OH!

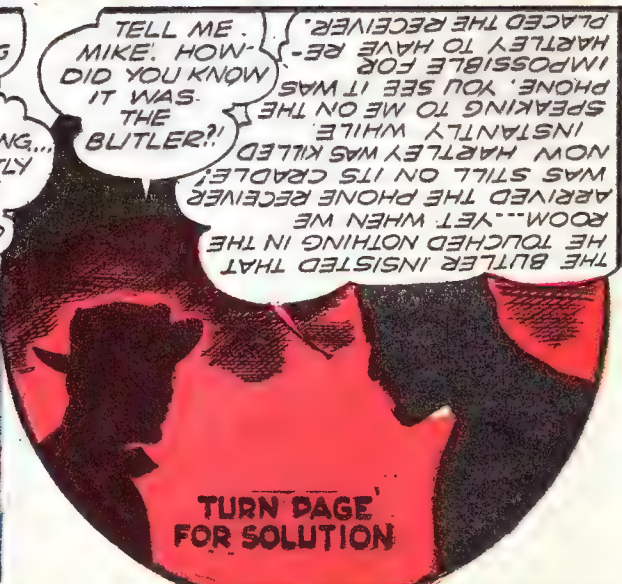
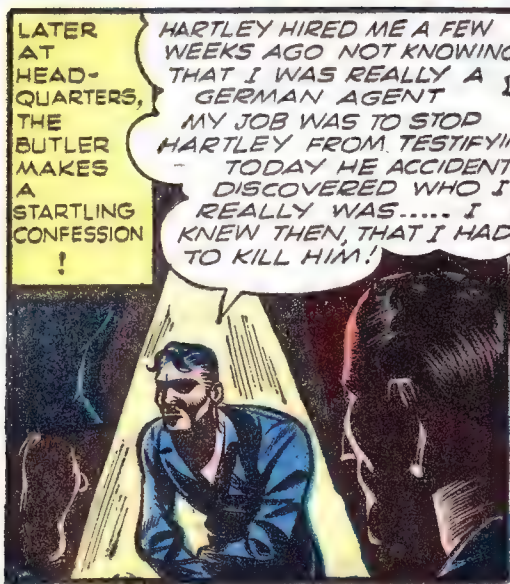
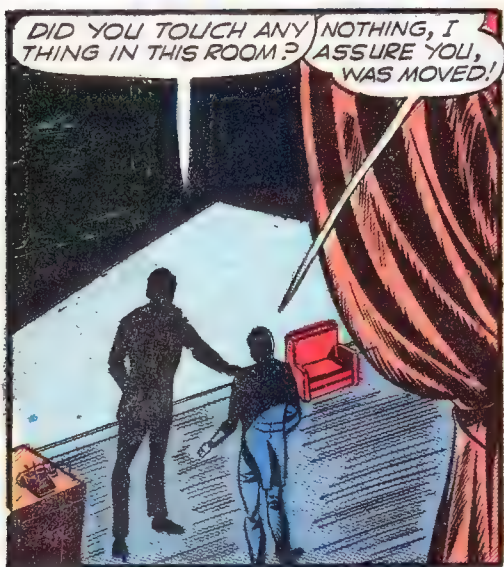
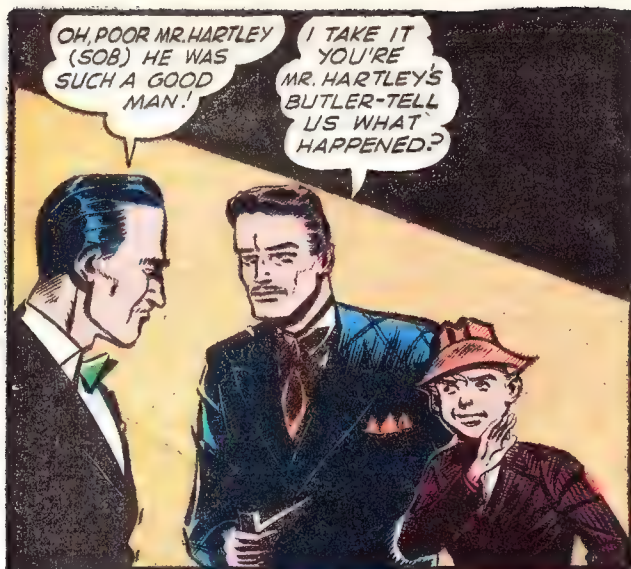
MINUTES
LATER, WE
FIND MIKE
AND PEPPER
IN THE
PRIVATE
STUDY OF
JEFF
HARTLEY
WHERE THE
LATTER
LIES DEAD!



DON'T TOUCH A THING--

I'LL CALL
THE
CORONER!

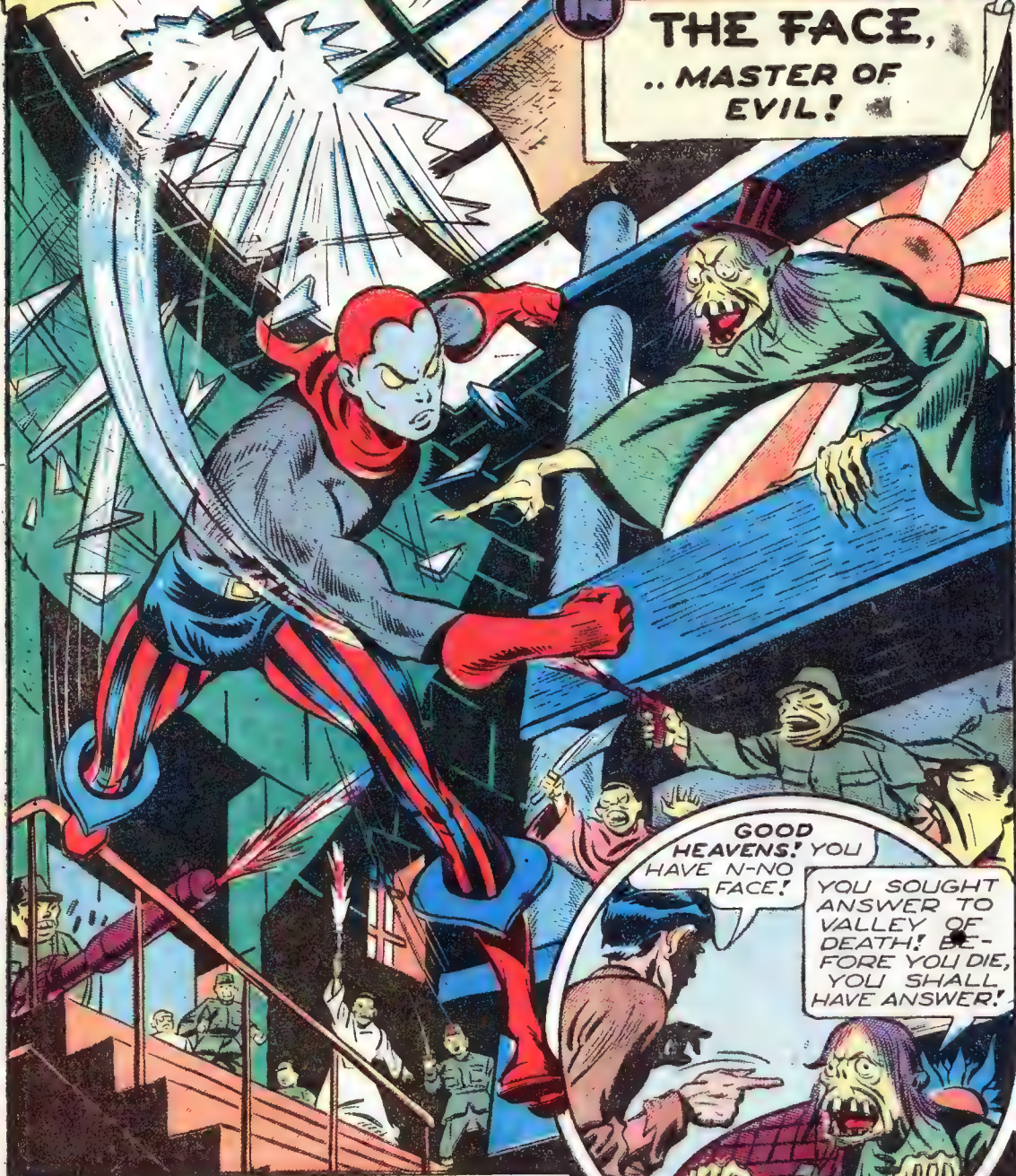




The DESTROYER

IN

THE FACE,
.. MASTER OF
EVIL!



THE VALLEY OF DEATH! FROM THIS LAND OF PARCHED AND DYING VEG-ETATION, NO LIVING MAN EVER RETURNED! WHAT WAS ITS DREADED SECRET? WHO WAS **THE FACE**, MASTER OF EVIL, WHO RULED WITH A DESPOTIC HAND IN THE FORBIDDEN VALLEY---

INSIDE A SACRED JAP TEMPLE ROOM, A STRUGGLING FIG-URE IS DRAGGED BEFORE **THE FACE**!



EYAAAA!

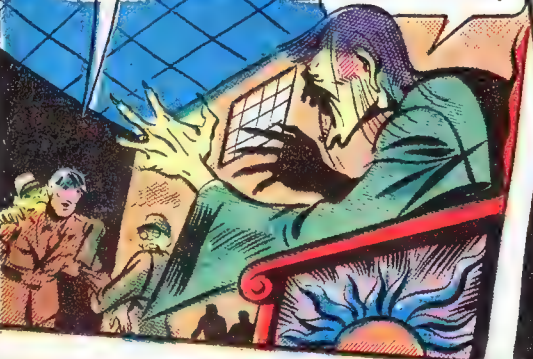
GUARDS
COME
QUICKLY!

YOU WON'T
TAKE ME
WITHOUT A
FIGHT!

BUT SOON THE OFFICER IS
OVERCOME BY SHEER WEIGHT
OF NUMBERS ---

I'LL GET YOU FOR
THIS, BELIEVE
ME!

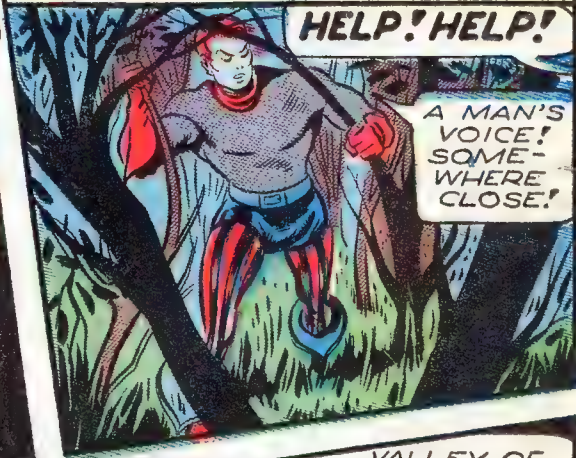
IMPUDENT ONE!
NO MAN CAN
DEFY THE FACE
AND LIVE!



AND THE NEXT DAY IN THE DENSE
WOODS WHERE DESTROYER
MOVES LIKE A PHANTOM ---

HELP! HELP!

A MAN'S
VOICE!
SOME-
WHERE
CLOSE!



A LIVING
SKELETON!

I-I'M HURT!
WHO ARE-
--- YOU?

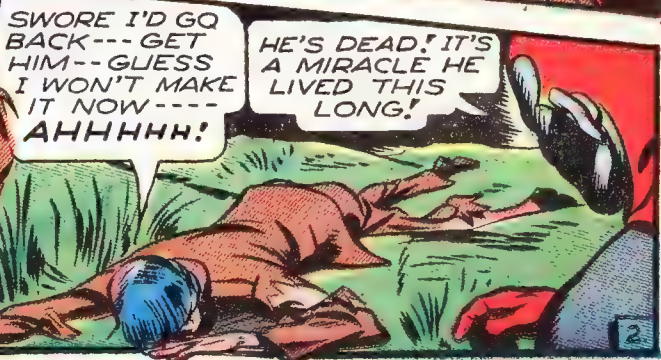
I'M A FRIEND! BUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

VALLEY OF
DEATH---! I
WENT THERE ON
ORDERS ---- I
SAW--THE FACE!



SWORE I'D GO
BACK--- GET
HIM-- GUESS
I WON'T MAKE
IT NOW----
AHHHHH!

HE'S DEAD! IT'S
A MIRACLE HE
LIVED THIS
LONG!



HIS UNIFORM SHOWED HIM TO BE AN AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER--HE WAS TORTURED BECAUSE HE DARED ENTER THE 'VALLEY OF DEATH'!

WELL, IT'S TIME I PAID THE 'VALLEY OF DEATH' A VISIT! AND I INTEND TO COME BACK ALIVE!

LATER....

UP THE JAGGED FACE OF A FORBIDDING CLIFF, DESTROYER CLIMBS WITH THE AGILITY OF A MOUNTAIN CAT--!

THEY CERTAINLY DON'T ENCOURAGE VISITORS HERE! NO WONDER SO FEW PEOPLE EVER GET IN!

MEANWHILE, THE BRAZEN CLANG OF A GONG SUMMONS THE SERVANTS OF THE FACE!

I HAVE RECEIVED WORD A MAN SEEKS TO ENTER THE 'VALLEY OF DEATH!' BRING HIM HERE!

A TRIP WIRE, ATTACHED TO A PHOTO-ELECTRIC DEVICE, EH--- SO THAT I SET OFF AN ALARM TO ANNOUNCE MY ARRIVAL!

KILL HIM!

AIEEEEE!

I EXPECTED YOU!

DESTROYER MAKES
SHORT WORK OF
THE JAPS, AND A MOMENT
LATER---

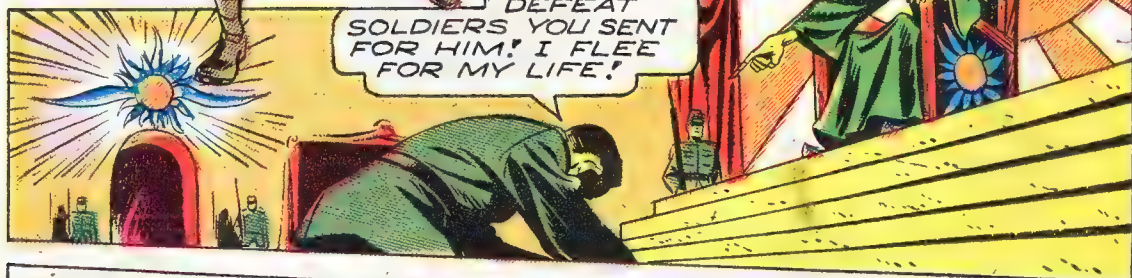


MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE TEMPLE ROOM
OF THE FORTRESS!

MASTER, HE
WAS NOT
MAN BUT
DEVIL! HE
DEFEAT

SOLDIERS YOU SENT
FOR HIM! I FLEE
FOR MY LIFE!

YOLI
FOOL!



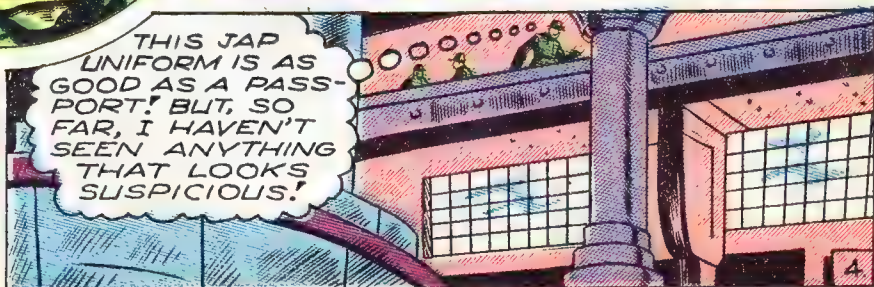
"FACE NO TOLÉRATE
FAILLURE... SO DIE!"

IF INTRUDER NOT
FOUND, YOLI ALSO
DIE! INTRUDER
MUST NOT LEARN
SECRET OF VALLEY!
MUST NOT ESCAPE!



BUT AT THIS
MOMENT,
DESTROYER
IS ALREADY
WITHIN THE
FORTRESS!

THIS JAP
UNIFORM IS AS
GOOD AS A PASS-
PORT! BUT, SO
FAR, I HAVEN'T
SEEN ANYTHING
THAT LOOKS
SUSPICIOUS!



WAIT A MINUTE! THESE CAPSULES LOOK LIKE----

HE THE ONE! SEIZE HIM!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! GAS!

AIEEEEEEE!

Sssssss!

SWIFTLY, THE FLESH DESTROYING GAS BEGINS ITS DEADLY WORK! STUMBLING ABOUT IN BLIND AGONY, THE JAPS ARE REDUCED TO MERE WALKING SKELETONS!

WHAT A DEVILISH WEAPON! NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS THE VALLEY OF DEATH! THEY'RE PRODUCING A GHASTLY MASS MURDER WEAPON HERE!

ONLY AN INSTANT IS THE MIGHTY DESTROYER OFF GUARD, BUT IN THAT MOMENT---

AND SOON WITHIN THE TEMPLE ROOM--

OH-OH--- MORE TROUBLE COMING! I GUESS THIS DISGUISE IS WEARING THIN!

FOOLISH ONE! DID HOPE TO CONQUER FACE?

WELL--- THAT WAS THE GENERAL IDEA!

YOU JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS
FACE IN FINAL TRIUMPH! IN FEW
MINUTES, PLANE BEARING FIRST
CONSIGNMENT OF DEATH GAS
WILL LEAVE VALLEY FOR FIGHT-
ING FRONTS, SPELLING DOOM
FOR ENEMIES OF JAPAN!

STRIKING SWIFTLY, THE
DESTROYER CATCHES
HIS GUARDS UNAWARE
AND----

IN THAT CASE--I CAN'T
DELAY ANY LONGER!

STAY
BACK!
DON'T
COME
NEAR
ME
OR
I'LL--



IN THE CONFUSION, THE FACE
IS SHOT-----

ZING!

AHHHHHHHH!

WITH THE FACE DEAD, THE JAPS
RUN PELL MELL!

FACE DEAD!
ALL LOST!

DO NOT
MAKE TALK,
MAKE SPEED!

NOW FOR THAT PLANE THE
FACE MENTIONED! MUSTN'T
TAKE OFF WITH THAT CAR-
GO OF GAS!

THIS
MUST
BE THE
PLANE!

HERE I
COME!

YAAAA!

MINUTES LATER, WE FIND
THE DESTROYER IN A PLANE
CIRCLING THE FORTRESS!

NOW THIS WILL BE
A VALLEY OF DEATH!

ROLLING CLOUDS OF THE DEADLY GAS
ENGULF THE FORTRESS, BLANKET-
ING THE VALLEY IN A FOG OF HORROR!

AIEEEE!
AIEEEE!
AAAAAAA!

A TERRIBLE
FINISH--- EVEN FOR A
CREATURE LIKE THE FACE AND
HIS HENCHMEN! BUT IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE WORLD
FROM THE SAME FATE!

**THE
END**

*An important
message to the
BOYS and GIRLS
of AMERICA!*

from
**GENERAL
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL
U. S. ARMY
AIR FORCES

**WAR DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON**

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY



H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD,
General, U. S. Army,
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.



THERE had always been suspicion in the back of Martin's thoughts. He couldn't remember when it first entered his mind that Otto was anything but another member of the crew aboard the freighter. And now it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, not even the endless heaving ocean surrounding the life raft, the white hot sky pinning them down, swinging mercilessly above them like a sword.

"Five days and five nights," Martin croaked, forcing the words past swollen lips. "How much longer?"

Big Randall stirred sluggishly, turning a bearded face toward his companion. "What's the difference? He'd see to it it didn't make any no matter what."

Martin glared toward the front of the raft where Otto squatted, his powerful body hunched, his rounded, hard face turned to survey the water stretching away upon all sides.

"I been thinking the same thing," Martin averted his eyes as the dutchman's round face swung upon them. "No sub would have spotted us if it hadn't been tipped off. That—that—!"

"You talk too much," Otto grumbled from his end. "Talk less. Save your breath. You don't say anything truthful most of the time."

Martin snarled. "If I was half your size, just half—"

Otto made a gesture with his big hand and Martin slumped back, his thinning body trembling with the anger racing through him. What was the difference? Just as Randall suggested, even if they were seen by aircraft, or a patrol boat, before they could be picked up Otto would dish them out to the sharks. And there were plenty of them. Martin turned slowly to stare out over the undulating water. He'd seen their fins before, once a white belly as one rolled over and slid into the depthless green.

Otto said, "Come get your rations." He added, threateningly, "One at a time."

MARTIN crawled fearfully forward to take the biscuits Otto offered. "You're starving us, that's what. If I were half a man—"

"Shut up. Get back. Randall . . . you come next."

Martin began greedily to grind the biscuit between his teeth—

He cried out harshly as the raft lurched dangerously. Otto and Randall were locked in each others arms, were swaying back and forth, feet spread wide apart, looking almost like two dirty chimps. Martin forgot his food as his eyes watched the struggling men, hope welling up suddenly within him.

"Kill him!" Martin shrieked with frenzy. "Kill him, Randall! Throw him overboard . . . throw him over—"

In spite of his strength, Randall gave ground. Otto sent a sledge-hammer fist driving forward and Randall reeled drunkenly, collapsed at Martin's feet, a huge, twisted mass, his yellowish face turned toward the flaming sky.

"You've killed him!" Martin chattered, fear racing through his trembling body. "You've killed him. You're a murderer, but you think you'll get away with it. You won't. God will judge you—"

"Quiet." Otto stood with feet braced wide. "You talk too much."

LATER, Martin knew Randall wasn't dead after all. Otto gave him a slender drink from one of the canteens he was hoarding up front.

"Wonder you don't throw him overboard," Martin cried. "Why don't you? You're starving

us to death. Think of the grub you'd save with him out of the way. And me, too—"

Otto shook his head, went back to his end of the raft. The sun wheeled down through the sky and the wind came up a little. To the west clouds billowed into the sky like huge white castles built upon the snowy slopes of mighty mountains. The wind quickened.

Randall dragged himself to a sitting position, sat with his head between his hands. Later he croaked, "Water . . . water . . ."

Otto gave him another small drink, ripped the canteen out of Randall's clutching hands to offer it briefly to Martin.

"Not much," Otto warned. "There is little left—"

Martin snarled. "I'd spit it in your face if we were within sight of land—"

"Drink," Otto commanded harshly. "Then be quiet."

It rained that night and the waves rose and washed down upon them, and Martin lay against the edge of the raft and shivered. Randall lay beside him, motionless, inert. Illuminated by a tongue of lightning Martin saw Otto bailing water, and realized that if the storm became worse the boat would be smashed and they'd all drown. Martin began to wish it would happen. At least Otto would get his then, too, with the rest of them. As it was, he was slowly starving them to death. Probably didn't have nerve enough to kill them outright.

The sun was up again, the clouds gone, the wind. It grew hotter and later Martin had to plead for a drink. His thirst was more than he could stand. Otto gave it grudgingly, striking Martin's hands down when he reached for the canteen.

He gave Randall a drink, then backed up to his end of the raft and sat down. Martin noted that Otto didn't drink from the canteen and for a while Martin waited, pretending he was asleep, but watching through the crack of his swollen lids. He recalled hazily that he hadn't seen the big dutchman take food or water for days . . . probably was sneaking his share and then some, when it was night.

HE didn't take anything now. The blazing rays of the sun beat down upon them and later Martin started, listening. A sound had come to him. Laboriously he raised himself upon his elbows.

The sound of waves had come distinctly to his ears. They must be close to land, an island. But it would be land . . .

"Listen," Martin hissed. "You — you hear hear that? There . . .! An island. See it? There, over there!" He tried to point but his hand kept drifting down. "I see it!" He almost screamed. "Randall—"

"Quiet." Otto came to stand above them. "You just talk. You see things. You are out of your head. There is no island. Nothing!"

Resignedly Martin sank back. Otto brought the canteen, tipping it up very high now to give him a swig. And Randall, who looked dead and probably was—it seemed a waste of precious water forcing the stuff between his cracked lips.

Later Otto growled. "Ah. There is land. Over there!"

The words came to Martin through a haze, and he attempted to raise himself and could not. Well, it didn't matter. He was done for.

"We will be carried past!" Otto exclaimed softly.

And Martin laughed, a ragged, rusty sound that hurt his chest and mouth. "You'll die—with us. You—you—"

It was growing dark and suddenly there were voices and Martin felt himself being lifted. Probably imagination though. Besides it didn't matter. He felt different, felt suddenly rested, as if this were actually death and he was glad of it.

MARTIN opened his eyes. He knew right away he wasn't dead. The man in the naval uniform was too real.

"You're doing fine," the man said. "So is Randall. We know about you, how your freighter was torpedoed. Most of the crew was saved."

For a moment Martin rested. At last, as if prompted by a force outside himself he asked, "What—what about—Otto? He was with us—"

"He'll be all right, too. Although he was in a much worse condition. Evidently he had had no food or water for days. No rest. When we picked you up after he had towed the raft to the island, he was almost exhausted. He has a wonderful body."

The voice drifted away but the thought remained inside Martin's head. Otto had nothing to eat, or drink. He towed the raft to safety, when they had been drifting past land and out to sea. Otto had a wonderful body . . .

Martin smiled faintly. Otto was a wonderful guy. He must live so he could apologize . . .

THE END

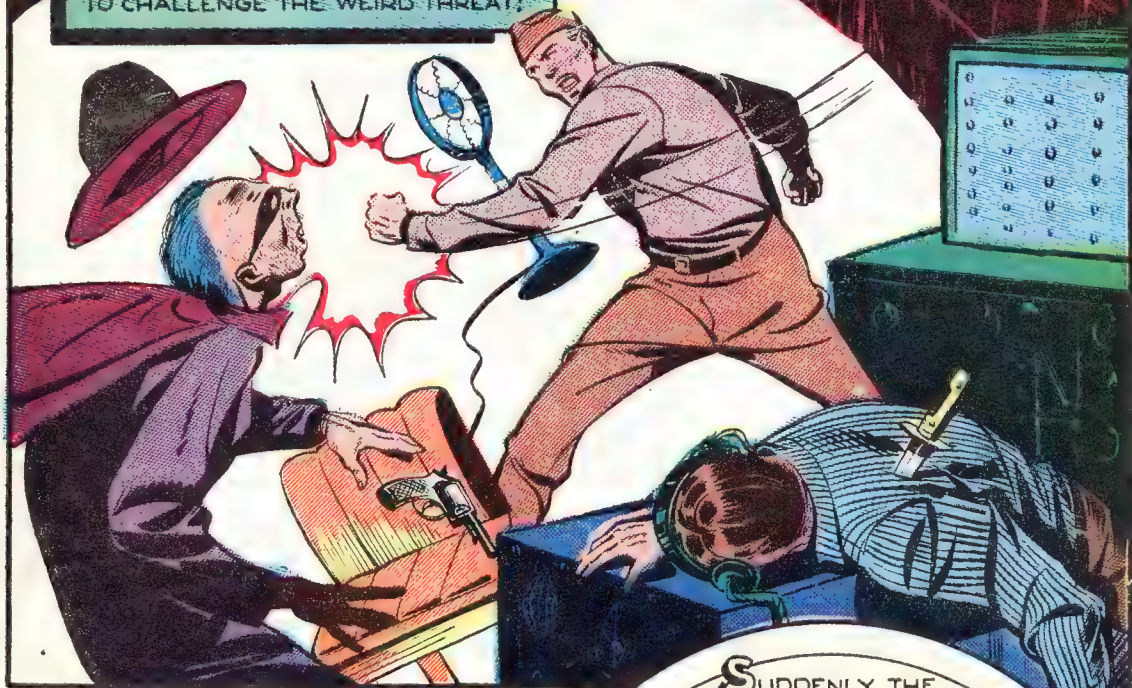
Sergeant

Dix

OVER THE AIR WAVES CAME AN UNEARTHLY VOICE, CRASHING INTO PEACEFUL HOMES WITH PREDICTIONS OF DIRE MISFORTUNE AND DEATH--AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR A VICTIM ONCE THE "VOICE OF DOOM" HAD POINTED THE FINGER OF DISASTER AT HIM!--- ONLY SERGEANT DIX WAS ABLE TO SUMMON THE BRAINS AND BRAWN TO CHALLENGE THE WEIRD THREAT!

IN

THE VOICE OF DOOM!

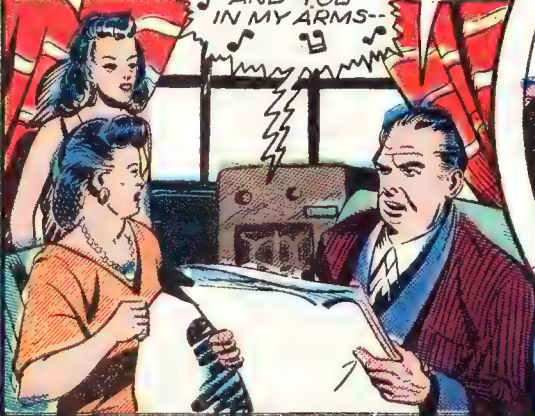


THE BARNES FAMILY SPENDS A QUIET EVENING AT HOME--

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

TIME ON MY HANDS--
AND YOU IN MY ARMS--

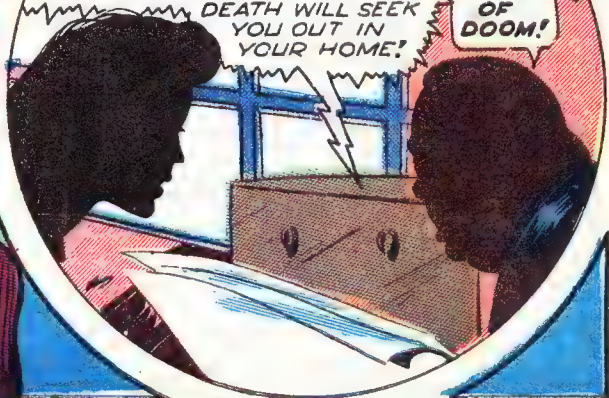
I'D SAY THAT WAS DEBATABLE!



SUDDENLY THE SINGER'S VOICE IS DROWNED OUT BY A CACKLING, SINISTER TONE---

ALLEN BARNES, THIS IS THE VOICE OF DOOM! THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY!--- IN A LITTLE WHILE DEATH WILL SEEK YOU OUT IN YOUR HOME!

THE-- THE VOICE OF DOOM!



THE WENTWORTHS HAD A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY STOLEN OUT OF THEIR SAFE RIGHT AFTER THE VOICE OF DOOM PREDICTED IT! WHAT'LL WE DO, ALLEN?

I READ IN THE PAPERS THAT ALL HIS PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE!

WE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE! I WON'T FALL FOR THAT NONSENSE! THE POLICE OUGHT TO FIND THAT CRAZY NUT!

BUT I'LL LOCK UP JUST TO MAKE SURE!

AND-- AS BARNES IS ABOUT TO LOCK THE BACK DOOR---

AGH!
A-A!

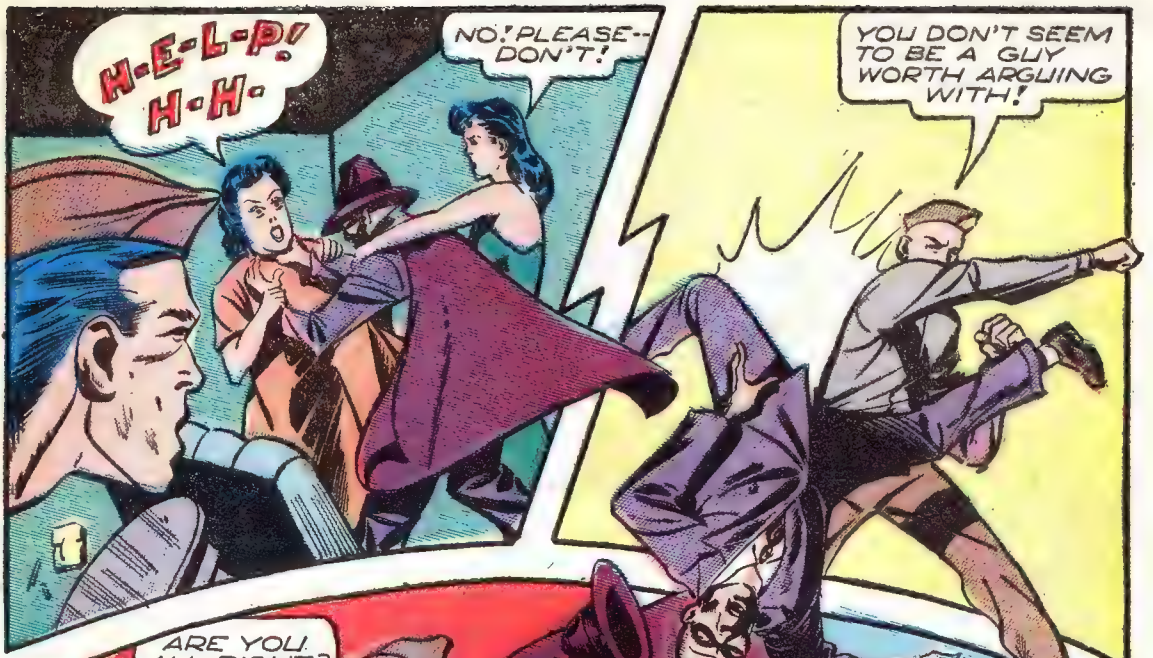
MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET OUTSIDE, SERGEANT DIX IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO CAMP---

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY IN TROUBLE!

HE'S BEEN STRANGLED!

E-E-A-H-H!
NO-NO! HELP!

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE THIS TIME!



SERGEANT DIX DUCKS JUST IN TIME---



DIX FOLLOWS INTO THE GARDEN---

WELL, I GUESS HE GOT AWAY! I'D BETTER GO IN AND GET THE LOWDOWN BEFORE I TRY TO LOOK FOR HIM!

OH, POOR ALLEN! HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE VOICE OF DOOM SERIOUSLY! MAYBE IF WE'D GONE AWAY, HE COULD HAVE ESCAPED DEATH!

VOICE OF DOOM? I DON'T GET IT!

IT'S THE MYSTERY VOICE THAT'S BEEN CUTTING IN ON RADIO PROGRAMS AND PREDICTING DEATH FOR PEOPLE! TONIGHT, IT SAID DEATH WOULD SEEK US OUT IN OUR HOME!

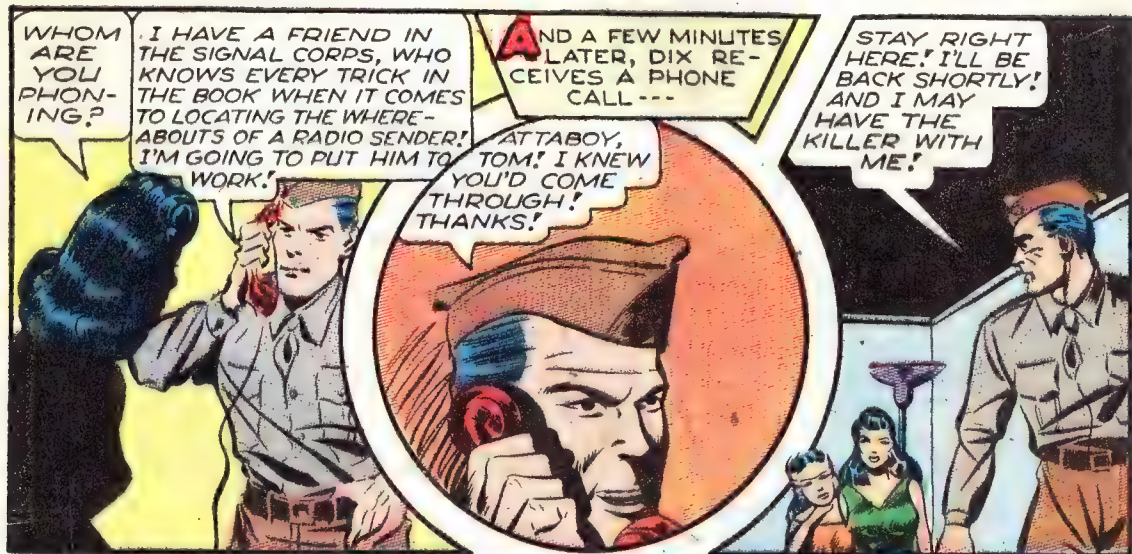
I REMEMBER NOW READING SOMETHING ABOUT IT! BUT HOW WOULD THE VOICE OF DOOM KNOW SOMEBODY WAS ABOUT TO KILL ALL OF US?

---UNLESS THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH UNCLE WILLIAM'S WILL! MY FATHER'S UNCLE DIED LAST WEEK, BUT THE WILL HASN'T BEEN READ YET, SO WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE ARE MENTIONED! THAT WOULDN'T LEAD ANYWHERE--- UNLESS WHOEVER KILLED YOUR FATHER WOULD BENEFIT FROM THE WILL IF YOUR WHOLE FAMILY WERE ELIMINATED!

LET'S SEE IF ANYTHING ELSE COMES OVER FROM THE VOICE OF DOOM!

THAT'S THE VOICE AGAIN!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM THE PREDICTIONS OF THE VOICE OF DOOM! REMEMBER THAT, BARNES FAMILY, AND ALL THOSE WHO WOULD INTERFERE!



I'M AFRAID TOM WAS WRONG! NOBODY WOULD RIG UP A BROADCASTING STATION IN A SHACK LIKE THIS! THE RATS WOULD EAT UP ALL THE EQUIPMENT!



BUT I MAY AS WELL HAVE A LOOK AND MAKE SURE!



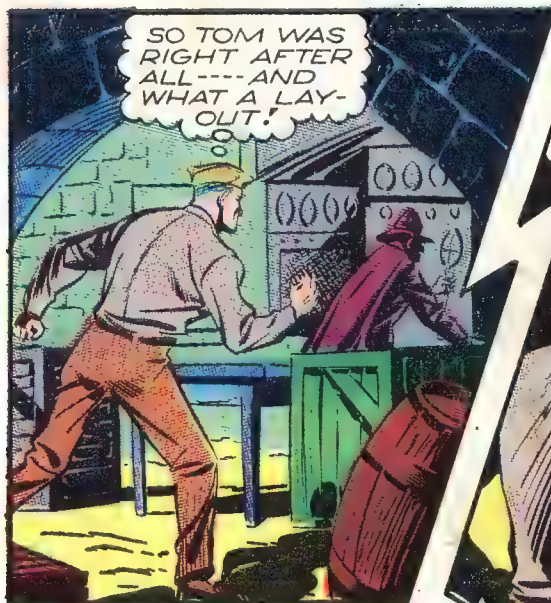
THERE ONLY SEEMS TO BE THIS ONE ROOM---OH---OH--SOUNDS PRETTY HOLLOW----



SUDDENLY, A SECRET PANEL SLIDES OPEN--

AH--THAT'S MORE LIKE IT--I MUST HAVE PRESSED WHATEVER IT IS THAT OPENS THIS PANEL!



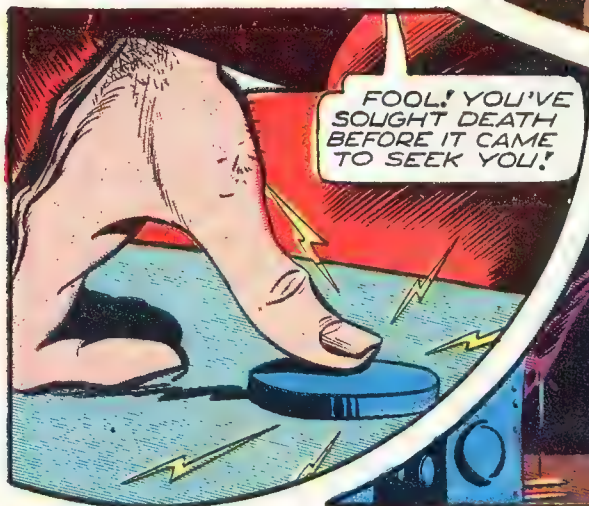


SO TOM WAS
RIGHT AFTER
ALL---- AND
WHAT A LAY-
OUT!



HAVE YOU BEEN
MAKING ANY
PREDICTIONS
ABOUT US
MEETING
AGAIN?

YOU!



FOOL! YOU'VE
SOUGHT DEATH
BEFORE IT CAME
TO SEEK YOU!

AS THE VOICE PRESSES A BUT-
TON, SERGEANT DIX FEELS A
TERRIFIC SHOCK---



HA! HA! RADIO HAS MANY USES;
AND RADIO WAVES PROPERLY
USED CAN KILL
A MAN!

OH----
OH-H---
I-I-I'M
CHOKING!
UGH!



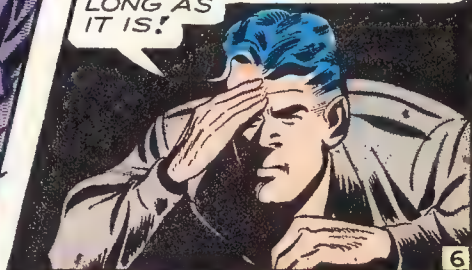
BUT AS HE FALLS--
CURSE YOU!



IF HE ISN'T
DEAD WHEN
I RETURN,
I'LL FINISH
HIM THEN!

HOWEVER, THE VOICE
OF DOOM RECKONS
WITHOUT DIX'S TOUGH
CONSTITUTION---

WHEW! THAT WAS A SHOCK,
IF THAT DIDN'T KILL ME,
NOTHING EVER WILL--- I'D
BETTER GET BACK TO THE
BARNES FAMILY! I MAY
HAVE STAYED AWAY TOO
LONG AS
IT IS!





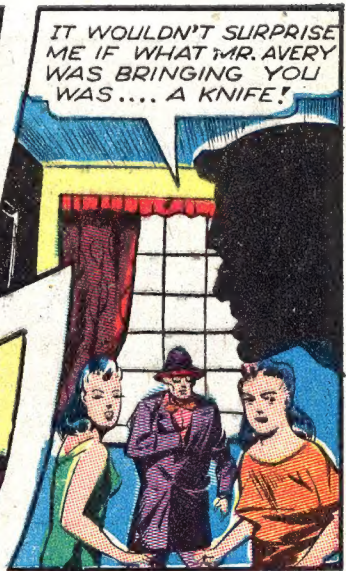
IN THE MEANTIME---

MR. AVERY!
THANK HEAVEN
YOU'VE COME!
IF WE EVER
NEEDED A
FRIEND, IT'S
NOW!

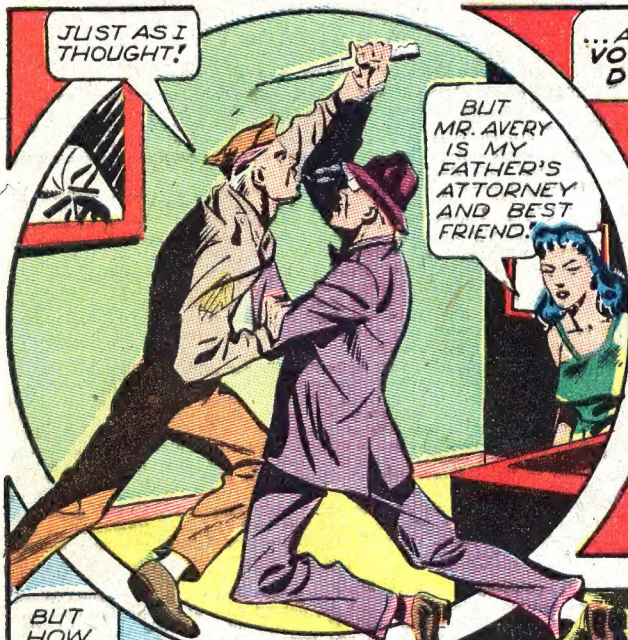
I HEARD
THE VOICE
OF DOOM MENTION
YOUR NAME ON
THE AIR AND I
WONDERED IF HE
COULD REALLY HAVE
MEANT YOU! HAS
ANYTHING HAPPENED?



BUT HOW HORRIBLE!
AND JUST WHEN I
WAS BRINGING HIM
GOOD NEWS!

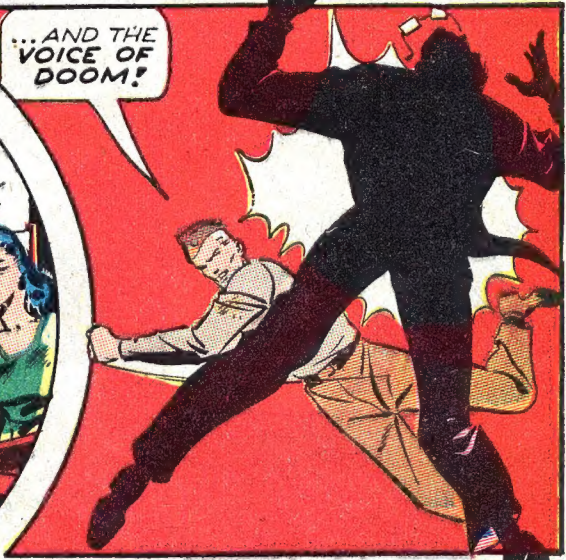


IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE
ME IF WHAT MR. AVERY
WAS BRINGING YOU
WAS.... A KNIFE!



JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

BUT
MR. AVERY
IS MY
FATHER'S
ATTORNEY
AND BEST
FRIEND!

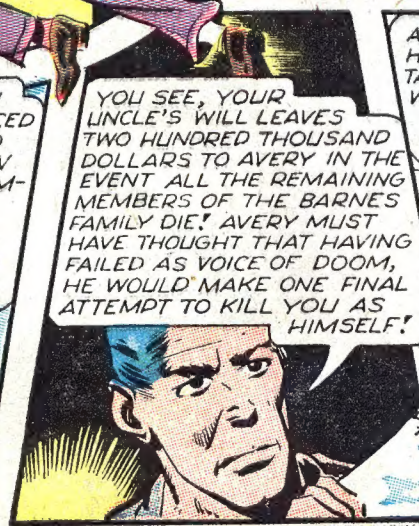


...AND THE
VOICE OF
DOOM!



BUT
HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

THAT SCRATCH ON
HIS CHEEK! I NOTICED
IT WHEN I LOOKED
THROUGH THE WINDOW
JUST NOW BEFORE COM-
ING IN! I GAVE THAT
TO THE VOICE OF
DOOM JUST BEFORE
I PASSED OUT FROM
A LITTLE SHOCK HE
GAVE ME!



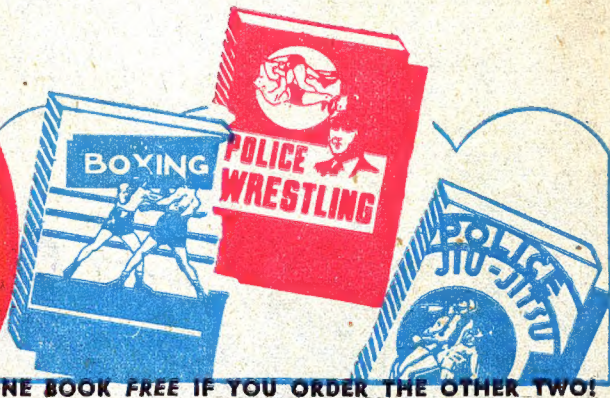
YOU SEE, YOUR
UNCLE'S WILL LEAVES
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS TO AVERY IN THE
EVENT ALL THE REMAINING
MEMBERS OF THE BARNES
FAMILY DIE! AVERY MUST
HAVE THOUGHT THAT HAVING
FAILED AS VOICE OF DOOM,
HE WOULD MAKE ONE FINAL
ATTEMPT TO KILL YOU AS
HIMSELF!



APPARENTLY, HE USED
HIS PROFESSIONAL CON-
TACTS TO FIND VICTIMS ON
WHOM TO PREY AS THE
VOICE OF DOOM--- THE
ONLY PREDICTING HE'LL DO
FROM NOW ON IS THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR
HIMSELF!

**THE
END**

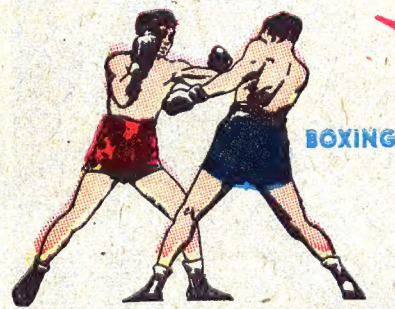
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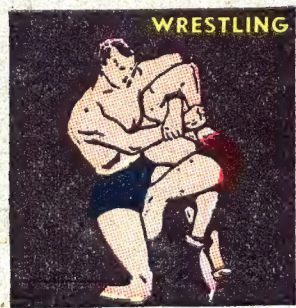
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Chord tones may come in any diatonic order up or down. Neighboring tones must be followed by chord tones.

EXCEPTION
A chord may be repeated as often as the words "A1 A1 A1 A1" on repeating chords. It is best to use notes in sets of two's or four's. Sets of two's are strongly recommended.

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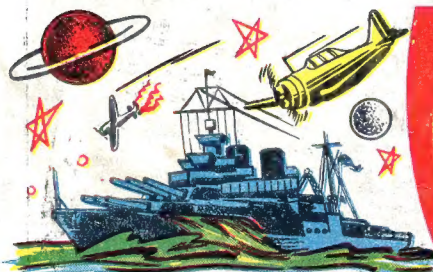
Al Hoffman
composer of
"Mairzy-
Doats",
"What's the
Good Word,
Mr. Bluebird",
and "Close to
You"



**Eddie Seiler, Sol Marcus,
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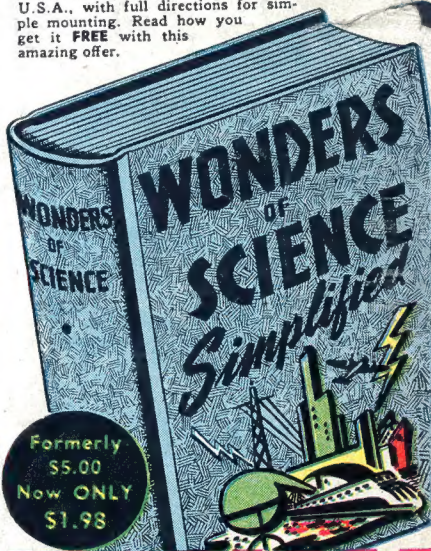
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